



BEULAH LAND.



MRS. M. CARTER.

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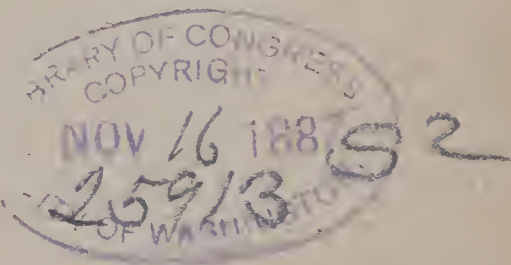
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

BY

MRS. M. CARTER.

WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Thy land shall be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."—ISAIAH lxii: 4.



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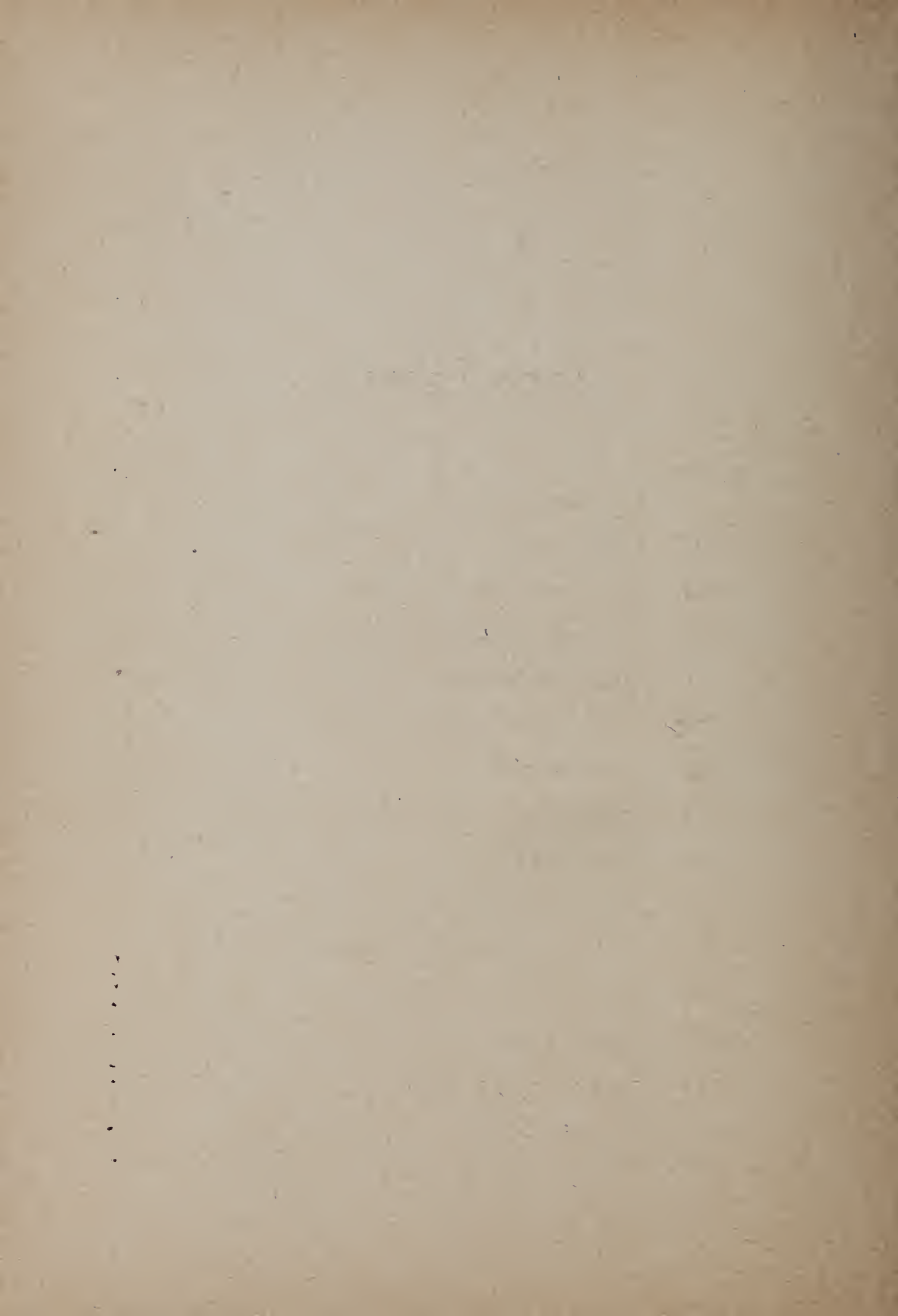
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PREFACE.

As the history of my life has been called for many times, on both sides of the Atlantic, and as I can say, from experience, that the God of Joseph is my God, I have written this volume, and most prayerfully dedicate it to inquiring and trusting souls.

MRS. MELISSA BOOTH CARTER.

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BEULAH LAND.

CHAPTER I.

CONVERSION.

I WAS not born in a royal palace, or of parents whose fame was universal, but in the quiet home of one of New York's industrious farmers, near Canandaigua, March 29, 1845. Growing up into active childhood I was very venturesome and daring, and would often find myself in the most perplexing positions.

One day my youngest sister and myself went out to the pasture near by, and I, seeing one of the horses near a place on which I could climb, availed myself of the opportunity, and was soon seated securely on his bare back, with nothing by which to guide the horse but his mane. I rode around the pasture in highest glee, without even a thought of there being any danger in connec-

tion with such a venturesome act; but I was thoroughly aroused to the fact only a few days later, by finding myself thrown from the horse's back, and lying prostrate in the sand, face downward. Notwithstanding all that, I continued the practice until I was mistress of the position, and could ride on horseback, or drive anywhere in the most fearless manner.

Not long after this I saw some fruit on a tree that I greatly desired, and, there being no way of obtaining it, only to climb the tree and secure it for myself, I immediately did so, and to my great satisfaction secured the fruit and began slowly to descend, but just as I had reached the lower limb of the tree, my foot slipped and I lost my balance. As I fell, my skirt caught upon a limb, and there I hung suspended in the air, to the loss of many stitches, until my sister could render her timely assistance. The one gratifying thought to me was, that I had the fruit if I did tear my dress.

I was not satisfied with these many experiences I had had, so one morning I rushed headlong into another. I was taking a walk in my own lit-

the garden, as I usually did before school, when I saw a handsome cat in the meadow. Of course I wanted it, and was bound to have it, if it were possible, so I chased it across a ten-acre field, and over fences, and finally caught it. My hands had no sooner touched it than it turned and bit me terribly. I was indignant to think it should bite me when I had only tried to catch it.

Thus carelessly I passed eleven years, until 1856, when my father began to fail very rapidly, and on the twenty-third of December we were called to his bedside, there to feel the last touch of his dear hand, and look into his mild blue eyes for the last time this side of the great eternity.

I began to realize that there was something more in life than frivolity, and more in death than the grave, and, heart-sick, I left the room.

On Christmas day our ride was to the cemetery instead of one for pleasure, and our hearts throbbed with pain instead of delight.

As I watched his remains being lowered into the cold, deep grave, I had a faint understanding of the significance of death that my mother had taught me. When we returned home, and I

remembered that the arm-chair in the corner was forever vacated by my dear father, it seemed more than my poor little heart could endure.

A few evenings later my two sisters and myself accompanied mother to a prayer-meeting that she started before father's death. When I had previously attended them, I was always very mirthful and ready to scoff at the unplastered walls and carpetless floors; but I was more serious now. I could not even smile, but listened attentively to all that was said.

I did not respond to the invitation for sinners to find the Saviour, but put it off until one afternoon, a few days later, when it seemed as though I could endure it no longer.

My sister and I called on a devoted Christian lady in the neighborhood, and I told her how I felt. She gave me a very significant look, and said, "Sinsickness is the very worst sickness in the world," and then paid no more attention to what I had said. We walked slowly on to meeting, feeling disappointed at not finding the relief we had expected.

I was glad to be there, but the sadness of

my poor heart only increased as the moments passed.

When the service was about half through, my elder sister arose, and said that she must and would be a Christian. She was scarcely seated when I found myself standing, and saying that I too wanted to be a Christian.

I could never tell just how I stood up, but one thing I did know, that all my burden was gone before I sat down.

It was a happy time for me, for I was a new child indeed. How well I could understand the poet in these words :

“How lost was my condition
’Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.

“The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages worst within.”

I had such peace and rest that I thought I could never be moved ; but there was a test even then in store, for the very next morning one of my

unconverted school-mates called, and, during her conversation, said :

“We all thought that Elizabeth” (my sister) “was in earnest, but we rather doubted Melissa’s sincerity.”

For a few moments I seemed almost stunned, and did not know what to say ; but before I had recovered sufficiently to speak, mother broke the silence by saying :

“Never mind, dear, what any one says. You ask the Lord to let you know whether or not you are a Christian.”

I did so, and the question was forever settled, so that no one has had power to move me on that point since.

Previous to my conversion I had received an invitation to attend a private dance, which was to take place in the parlors of one of my school-mates, a few evenings after my conversion.

I had entirely forgotten it until my brother came to me and said, “Isn’t it time for you to get ready ?”

“Get ready for what ?” I inquired.

"Why! to go to the party, of course," he answered.

I thought for a moment, and then replied: "I am not going to any more parties, George, for I have no desire to."

He left the room, and in a few moments came in again, and said, with some sternness:

"Arn't you going with me?"

"No, sir, I am not," I replied.

"Then," said he, "you ought to be punished for not keeping your word."

"George," said I, "please don't say any more to me about it, for I'm not going."

Thus the test came to an end. All that he had said had not moved me from my steadfastness.

A few days later one of our neighbors told me that my brother said that he believed Millie was a Christian; at the same time relating how he tested me, and adding that he only did it to see if I had really met with the change that I professed.

May God always help me to be as "wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove."

In the fall my sister Elizabeth and I united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

One Sunday they took up a missionary collection, and we signed fifty cents each. On our way home we were wondering how we could get it, when a happy thought entered our minds. We remembered that there were still a few scattered chestnuts in the grove; so the next morning we started, with baskets on our arm, and gathered all we could find, and carried them to Waterloo, two miles and a half distant, and sold them. Elizabeth received for hers just the amount that she had subscribed, and I, two cents less. It was a great cross for me to give less, but I did, and received a great blessing. My highest ambition now was to be helping some one, and I found plenty to do in the sphere in which I was placed.

CHAPTER II.

THE VISION.

WHEN I was first converted, all love for worldly adornings was taken from my heart; but when I grew to young womanhood my milliner told me that I ought to wear just a few flowers on my bonnet.

She plead so faithfully, that finally I yielded. I did not discover the cloven foot, for, if I had, I would not have allowed her to put the one thing on my apparel that afterwards cost me so much. My peace was more easily disturbed, and I was often led to wonder at it. The next thing that the enemy suggested was, "that there was no need of my being so plain; that I might put a little trimming on my dress, and not be so odd!"

I did so, and soon had no conscience in the matter at all. My temptations became more severe, and I was very easily overcome. When I

would tell in class-meeting what a hard time I was having, the leader would say:

“Go on, sister, go on ; the Lord bless you.”

He never told me what to go on to, or what to forsake. Therefore, I was left as much in doubt as before.

If class-leaders only realized what a grand privilege they have for training souls, it does seem to me they would be more spiritual themselves. “For the husbandmen must first be partakers of the fruit.”

On the twenty-fifth of December, 1862, I was united in marriage to William Wilby Carter, of Lowestoft, Suffolk County, England. My husband's temporary business was in Waterloo, so it was there we resided. Shortly after our marriage I became very much concerned about my husband's conversion, and wrestled and prayed for him until tears seemed to be my portion. It was not because he did not love me, for I seemed to be his idol ; but that did not satisfy the longings of my soul : it was to have him love the One whom I worshipped. I received no encouragement whatever, in regard to his being saved, and

the enemy would assail me with the thought that it was perfectly useless for me to pray for him ; but I kept a volley of prayer going up before the throne almost day and night in his behalf.

One Sunday morning I asked him if he would go with me to church. He replied :

“O, no ! I cannot go, for I have to attend to business all the week, and must, necessarily, take Sunday to do my own work.”

“Why, Wilby !” I exclaimed, “will you work in your garden on Sunday ? I should think you would be afraid to do so.”

“Well,” said he, “I’ll risk it.”

I looked out and saw that he had prepared a place for planting.

When I was ready for church, I bade him good-by, and started off alone. I had gone only a few steps when I felt impressed to turn and go back to the house. I did so, and when I reached the garden, I said :

“My dear, God will curse every seed you put in the ground to-day.”

“Well,” said he, with a sneer, “if the seeds are cursed, then I will believe that there is a God.”

When I came home from church I looked to see just how much he had planted, and discovered that he had not only planted cucumber seeds, but water-melon seeds also, and had transplanted a raspberry bush.

I examined the leaves of the bush, so as to be sure how far advanced they were. After a proper length of time, I looked again, and the cucumber seeds had not come up. Then I looked at the hills where the water-melon seeds had been planted, and, behold! they were coming up. I stood for a moment and then said to myself:

“I know God curses these seeds.”

I afterwards observed that the leaves on the bush never grew any more, and that the water-melon vines only grew to be about three inches high, with just the two first leaves on them, also that the cucumber seeds never came up; and in that condition they stood until the snow covered them.

When I called his attention to the fact, he said that it must be I had poured boiling water on them. Then how plainly I could see why the

Lord let some of the plants come up, just to protect me, and yet show his power. It seemed hard to see one I loved so dearly drifting so far from God, but, bitter as was the cup, I must drink it.

One Saturday evening I took my Bible and read one chapter, then knelt and prayed. I arose feeling very much dissatisfied. Then I read another chapter and prayed the second time, but felt no better. I then read the third chapter, and I don't think I had been on my knees a moment, when my soul was filled to overflowing with the presence of God. My face was upturned, and I shall never be able to frame into words the wonderful vision I saw. A shaft of light about one yard wide, came down through the ceiling to the place where I was kneeling, and, off some distance from me, I saw the most beautiful form, and I have always thought of it as that of my dear Saviour.

The calm, composed, and loving expression of his face, the long plain robes of pure white, and the gently-folded arms, made me feel as though I must go to him and be folded in his loving

embrace. This vision lasted for some moments, when it occurred to me that it was getting late, and I ought to retire. As soon as I listened to the whispers of self the vision vanished. I retired, but found it quite difficult to go to sleep. When I awoke in the morning my soul was filled with indiscribable peace. I read Ezekiel, thirty-seven, and again my soul was flooded with unearthly light. Then I felt perfectly confident that the Lord had heard my prayers for my husband, and that every obstacle was being removed that hindered his conversion.

CHAPTER III.

ALL FOR JESUS.

MY husband purchased a beautiful home in Syracuse, N. Y., where we moved in the summer of 1864, shortly after which I heard of a prayer-meeting that was to be held at one of my neighbors. I attended it, and when the question was asked where the next one would be held, I timidly said :

“ You may have it at our house.”

When I told my husband what I had done, he said :

“ Well, they will just spoil the carpets, and your piano will be marred, and, in fact, everything will be ruined.”

I said nothing more to him on the subject, but kept talking with the Lord about it. When the evening for the meeting came, my husband was home an hour earlier than usual, much to my

surprise. After tea, he asked me how I would have the seats arranged. I told him, and after that was done, he took a seat by the window and said :

“I should think it was time for them to come.”

The people gathered, and we had an excellent meeting ; and as our carpets were not ruined, nor our piano marred—when my husband saw that his fears were groundless, we appointed another one for the following week. At the third meeting, when the leader invited the sinners to find Christ, my husband arose and said, “I cannot endure the pressure of Satan any longer. I must either be a Christian, or die.”

The leader asked me to pray for him ; but I could do nothing but praise the Lord. When I heard him praying to my God, entreating him to accept him, for his Son’s sake, I felt that my cup was running over.

What a contrast there was between his former life and his present one ! He now revered the Sabbath day, instead of desecrating it, and loved to do God’s will rather than to oppose it.

During the fall we listened to a sermon by the Rev. Wm. J. Selby. He preached very strongly in favor of freedom from all sin.

This was a feature in Christianity that had never been explained to me. At the close of the service he asked me if I enjoyed the blessing of holiness.

I replied, "Not that I know of."

"Well," said he, "you would know it, if you had it."

I invited him to call at our home, for I was curious to know what he meant by "*blessing of holiness.*"

I was very busy during the week, but took time to consider the sermon I had heard. I was confident that he possessed a degree of power with God that I did not.

On the following Friday he called, and I asked him what he meant by "holiness." He explained it, but I did not seem to understand him. In his prayer he said :

"O Lord, sanctify Sister Carter, soul, body, and spirit, so that she will be a wonder to herself, and an astonishment to her neighbors."

I had never heard anything like this before, and of course did not know what to make of it.

After he left, I began to meditate on his prayer.

I had a great yearning in my soul to have all that the Lord had for me, and prayed earnestly that if there was such a thing as sanctification he would let me have it.

I prayed in this way for two days, when I left the "if" out, and said, "O Lord, I *do believe* there is such a blessing, or state, as sanctification."

Then the enemy whispered, "Sanctification is only for the denomination to which that minister belongs and not for you."

This did not trouble me long, for almost immediately these words came with great emphasis :

"With God, there is no respect of persons."

Very soon the Holy Spirit began to show me what there was in my heart that was unlike Christ.

The first thing was my temper, which caused me great sorrow, and I shrank from it as I would from a deadly serpent.

Next, were my husband and little daughter, whom I unconsciously idolized. I thought I did not love my family more than I ought, and could not understand why I must give them up. I thought they would die, and I didn't see how I could let them ; but no matter how I felt, every time that I prayed all I could hear was :

“Will you give your husband and child to me?”

“Thou shalt have no other God before *me*.”

I tried to pray, and at the same time cling to my family, when at last these words came to me :

“He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me ; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.” I saw very clearly that I had reached the place where I must decide, and that forever, which way I would go ; and I said : “Dear Lord, I yield them both to thee, to do as seemeth thee good. I give thee all that I am, or ever expect to be.”

Who can describe the peace that instantly fills the consecrated heart ?

The next time I attended our neighborhood

prayer-meeting, God gave me great liberty in relating my experience, and the very next day one of my neighbors called and said she thought, perhaps, I had never been converted, and that that was simply the witness of the Spirit in justification.

I told her that I knew I was converted when I was a child, and that no one could make me doubt it, and that I knew I was wholly sanctified to God, and no one could make me doubt that, either, for my feelings have since been expressed in these words :

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!

All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;

All my thoughts and words and doings,

All my days and all my hours.

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!

All my days and all my hours.

Let my hands perform his bidding;

Let my feet run in his ways :

Let my eyes see Jesus only;

Let my lips speak forth his praise.

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!

Let my lips speak forth his praise.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified!

Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Let me rest beneath his wings.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings.

In a few days the lady called again and said:

“Sister Carter, we must put a stop to your being so noisy in our meetings, for the people will not suffer it any longer.”

Now I had an opportunity to see whether or not there was any anger left in my heart; and, praise God, I was as tranquil as though nothing had happened. Before she left, we knelt, and I asked God to bless her and lead her into the light.

We attended the meetings as usual, and I testified to the complete saving power of God. The

people seemed to consider me unsafe, and the minister appeared to, also. One evening we were a little late, and my sister and I were obliged to take seats next to the minister. I waited until nearly all had testified in their icy way, and then arose, and if the Lord ever helped a mortal to pour the boiling hot truth on a people, he did me; and the hallelujahs burst forth regardless of any one's opinion. After I was seated, my sister arose and said that the Lord had saved her completely.

The next to speak was the minister, and you can imagine the people's surprise when he said, "Brethren and sisters, I wish you all had the same kind of salvation that these two sisters have; — I like their spirit."

Thus the Lord vindicates those who honor him.

I have many times thanked God that he gave me an obedient heart when he laid his disapproving hand on the fashion of the world that I was following. It may be of interest to some to have me relate my experience when I laid off the fashions, for Jesus' sake.

When I was induced by the milliner to wear the cluster of flowers on my bonnet, I was not aware that I was violating God's command, when he said :

“Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

“For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves.”

When I began to realize what a hard time I was having to serve God, I commenced searching for the cause, and the Holy Spirit showed me, by the Word, that it was the Lord's will for me to dress plain, and not conform to the world.

I was led, step by step, first to lay aside the flowers and feathers that were on my hat and bonnet, then to take the trimmings off my dresses, until I was as plainly dressed as I was at the first of my conversion.

I had remodeled all of my dresses but one ; that I had overlooked. When I took it from the wardrobe in the fall, the enemy whispered, " You know that is perfectly plain, all but the strip of velvet around the skirt, and certainly that will do no harm."

When I tried to pray, I could not, but felt as though I must. I tried the second time, but with no better success. I was thoroughly alarmed, and knelt and said :

"O Lord, if the velvet on my dress is the cause of this, bless me and I will take it off." I did not receive the blessing, however, until I had taken the velvet off, and then when I knelt, prayer and praise burst involuntarily forth from my lips, and from that day to this, I have not had the slightest desire to conform to the world in any sense of the word.

The matter of dress did not apply to me alone, but also to my daughters, so long as they were under my control. They are now matured young ladies, and my youngest daughter said to a friend a few days ago, " Miss Belle and I have never dressed otherwise than plain in our lives. We

have never desired to, because we know that mother knew better than we, and then, when we were converted, we had no fashions to lay aside."

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING IT WITH THE LORD.

THE following summer I attended my first camp-meeting, which was held at Chittenango, N. Y. At the close of one of the services, I was telling an unconverted lady some of my experience, when others came and asked if they might listen also. They crowded around me, until, to my surprise, I had quite a fair-sized audience. The next morning, as I was crossing the camp-ground, a brother met me and said :

“Sister Carter, some of our ministers thought that you were spiritually proud yesterday, and thought you ought to be told of it. Why ! your very looks showed it.”

“Well,” said I, “that is the first time that I ever thought of such a thing ; for my only object was to honor the Lord ; and again, I did not seek

the people, they sought me, and followed me like hungry sheep. What less could I do than to break the bread of life to them ? ”

“ Well,” said he, “ I do this all in love and care for your soul.”

I thanked him and turned away and lifted my heart to God in silent prayer, to have him show me if I was spiritually proud. I could discover nothing but love toward both God and man, and as I went out to meeting in the evening I became perfectly willing to have every minister on the ground think I was proud, rather than to displease God by failing to improve every opportunity I had of speaking for him.

The last evening I was on the ground, an old gentleman came to me and said :

“ Mrs. Carter, God has called you to do special work in his vineyard. You may yet be called before the crowned heads of the world to do service for him.”

I thought he was very much mistaken, for what could the Lord do with me, a woman.

After we returned home, my little Belle began to fail very rapidly, and the physician said that

the only way we would be able to raise her, would be in the country air.

A few weeks later we moved on to the "Dr. Totman estate," a few miles from Syracuse. We had been in the place only a short time when I felt so much concerned for the ungodly souls around me, that I could not rest until I had appointed a prayer-meeting to be held at my house. A neighbor called and said that I need not prepare for many, for that place was called "The city of no God." Much to her surprise, there were eighteen present; and at the second, there were twenty-three, and at the third, the house was filled.

During the third service, a man that worked with my husband went out to our barn and kept the hens squalling most unmercifully, all through the service. He tried hard to break up the service, but did not succeed, and the Lord showed his divine approval of the meeting by saving three souls.

At our next meeting this very man and his wife were present. I was afraid they had come to make a disturbance, and in my prayer, said,

“O Lord, so convict Mr. B—— for sin, that he cannot rest until he finds rest in thee.”

The words that I had uttered fairly frightened me, and I was tempted to think he would never come again.

When the invitation for sinners to find the Saviour was given, he instantly arose and said :

“When Mrs. Carter mentioned my name in her prayer, it sent an arrow of conviction straight to my heart.”

We prayed with him, but he did not get relief. At our next meeting he said, “I am not saved yet ; do pray for me !” We prayed for him, but he seemed as dissatisfied as before, and again cried out :

“Oh, do pray for me !”

Again we prayed for him, and he prayed for himself, and in a few moments he shouted :

“Glory to God ! Glory to God ! I am saved, and I know it.” His life showed the change, and he afterwards became a minister of the Gospel.

Thus the meetings continued until the place was shaken from centre to circumference.

Some said that I ought to preach, and I was offered the church to speak in ; also the school-house near by ; but the very thought startled me.

What ! I preach ?

No ; that could not be.

I told them that I was not strong enough, and would not attempt such a thing without a " Thus saith the Lord."

During the following year I led prayer and class-meetings, and called on the unconverted, and tried in that way to remove the burden that I had for those who were still unsaved ; but in the face of it all, these words were almost constantly in my mind, " Go preach my Gospel."

How the very thought frightened me ! I would say to myself, " I am a woman ; how can I ?"

I ventured to tell my husband how I felt, and he did not encourage me, but said :

" *You* preach ? I think you had better wait until you can walk a quarter of a mile."

Evidently he would not uphold me in doing so, and I, like Gideon, asked for signs.

The first thing that I asked was, for the Lord to make him willing, if it was his will for me to preach. Sweet rest filled my soul concerning it, and I felt confident that the Lord would bring it about all right. In a few days an old lady walked two miles to tell me that she was *sure* I ought to preach. "And," said she, "I have been talking with your husband about it, and urged him to have you commence at once."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said that he had opposed you as long as he could, and would not hinder you any longer."

How this God-sent intelligence encouraged me. I noticed that he did not oppose me when I referred to it, as he had formerly done. The next thing that I asked was, for the Lord to help us get out of debt, as another proof of his approval.

In a short time we sold our farm, and purchased a smaller one about a mile distant. I was soon informed that it was a very peculiar neighborhood, for it was chiefly populated by the Millerites; also that Sunday was a day devoted to receiving and returning calls.

“Well,” said I to my informant, “when it comes to pass that any neighborhood is too hard for God to manage, then I’ll give up.”

I could not attend church on the first Sabbath, but made ready to receive calls.

The first that came was my nearest neighbor, accompanied by his little daughter. I began talking with him about his soul, and he acted very uneasy, and finally said that he must go.

“Don’t be in a hurry,” said I (at the same time getting my Bible); “I always read and pray with my company.”

By this time the poor man looked thoroughly frightened; but I did not appear to notice his confusion, and opened my Bible, and read a whole chapter. Then I asked him to kneel while my husband and I prayed. He did so rather reluctantly, but that made no difference to me, for I was determined to teach him a lesson that he would not soon forget.

In my prayer I was led to ask the Lord to so convict him for sin, that he would not be able to eat or sleep in comfort, until he was conscious

that his sins were forgiven. When we arose from our knees, he seemed glad enough to go.

During the evening, several young ladies called. I asked the Lord to help me to do my duty by them ; so I began by telling them how I found Jesus, and then conversed with each of them separately, and when I had finished praying, they were ready to go.

A few evenings after, I had a call from one of my Millerite acquaintances, with her two daughters and their husbands, one of them being the man already referred to as calling on the previous Sabbath. Her object seemed to be to try and convert my husband and myself to Millerism. When she saw that her efforts were not successful she charged me with not reading my Bible.

“For,” said she, “if you did, you would see as I do ; or substantially the same.”

She repeated the Lord’s prayer to prove her views ; more especially this part : “Thy will be done in earth, as it is done in Heaven ;” but she quoted it in this way : “Thy will be *on* earth as it

is done in Heaven." After I corrected her, I said :

"That means that the will of God is to be done in us, his saints, as it is done by the angels in Heaven." She turned to me and with a horrifying look said, "*Read* your Bible! *Read* your Bible!" and would not give me time to say anything more about it.

I let her proceed with her style of explaining the Scriptures, and lifted my heart to God in silent prayer, asking him to be my mouth-piece and wisdom, in that hour of need. Just then my husband said softly :

"Ask her to tell her experience."

I did so ; but she hesitated. Then I appealed to the company to know if it would not be fair for her to tell her experience, and I would tell mine. They decided that she ought to do so. When she saw that there was no alternative for her, she began by saying that "she was washing dishes one day, when, all at once, the meaning of the whole Bible was revealed to her ; so that she could never misunderstand, or be taught anything more about it."

Said I :

“ You must be very highly favored, for I never saw, or heard of any one that pretended to know the *whole* meaning of the Bible.”

Then I told her how I was convicted for sin, repented, and was pardoned, and afterwards sought and obtained holiness ; and how wonderfully the Lord kept me from day to day.

When I asked her to pray, she refused. I told her that she must not come and try to teach me the way to serve God, and not pray. She then kneeled and offered the strangest prayer that I ever heard. After they were gone, the enemy told me that *she* had carried the day, and that my unconverted neighbors would never be converted, and that it would have been much better for me to have kept my experience to myself.

“ Well,” said I, “ Mr. Satan, I have done the very best that I knew how, and I am going to leave it with the Lord.”

The next morning I felt impressed to take my Bible and go over to my neighbor's who had called on the evening previous, and read the

Lord's prayer, and another chapter. I told my husband how I felt, and he told me to go, and he would pray for me.

As I entered their sitting-room, I told them my errand. After I had read and explained the Lord's prayer and the chapter, the best I could, the son said :

"Mrs. Carter, that is the very chapter I had selected to confound you ; but you have confounded me with your explanation."

I said :

"Praise the Lord."

In a few moments, he said :

"I'm afraid I'm going to have a fever."

I told him he had a fever now that I hoped would not get better until he had made his peace with God.

He looked at me in surprise. I then plainly told him that he was under conviction for sin. After I had sung and prayed with him, and urged him twice to yield to God, he refused ; but when I shook hands with him and was about to turn away, he began to sob convulsively. Said I :

“Are you willing to surrender now? If so, kneel.”

He fell upon his knees, and after I had prayed, he began to confess his sins to God, but all at once he stopped and said to me :

“Mrs. Carter, will you forgive me for what I have said against you?”

Said I :

“Certainly.”

He then finished his prayer, and in less than five minutes was praising God. I turned to his wife and asked her to pray, and she, too, was converted.

He afterwards told me that he had decided to move out of the neighborhood, for I was altogether too religious.

CHAPTER V.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

DURING the winter vacation, several of the Syracuse University students held a series of meetings in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Collamer, and at one o'clock P. M., daily, they met at our house for the purpose of talking on the deeper things of God.

One morning, before daylight, this passage of Scripture came very forcibly to my mind: "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the sinner and ungodly appear?" and with it the thought that I must speak on it that evening, at Collamer.

I said:

"Father, I will obey thee, if I know thy will."

The evening meeting seemed to be very powerless, and when the leader gave the invitation for

sinner to go forward, no one moved. I dared not wait any longer, and, gathering all of the courage I had, I arose, and talked as the Spirit gave me utterance. Such power came upon me that I felt as though I could "run through a troop, and leap over a wall." When I sat down, the invitation was repeated, and the altar was filled with seeking ones.

A few evenings after this, the pastor asked me to follow the student that was then talking, with an exhortation. I told him that I did not see how I could ; but after he had persisted for some time, I said, "I will."

When I sat down and the invitation was given, the altar was again filled.

Praise God !

The following fall I seemed forced to make an appointment to preach in our district school-house. I tried to get rid of the thought, but it was impossible ; for, "Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel," was before me day and night.

I thought there would be only a few present, and it would be less embarrassing ; but to my

surprise, the house was filled to its utmost capacity.

As I looked over the audience, I lifted my heart to God in silent prayer, for strength to enable me to do my duty.

I opened the service by singing, and then I knelt and prayed that God would take the entire charge of the service. In an instant, every particle of fear and trembling ceased, and I felt as though I was lifted a thousand miles above everything in this world.

My text was in Hebrews ii: 3. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation."

The Lord helped me wonderfully, and every one present seemed to listen breathlessly to every word that I said.

Before I closed I was impressed to appoint another service for the following week, but did not do it.

In a few days one of the stewards of our church said that he thought I was a good woman, and no one could dispute it; but that I was led by Satan when I thought of preaching. My pastor also said that it was a scheme concocted

by the Devil, and that he thought I would be the means of ruining more souls than I would help. He and another gentleman said they tried to prevent anyone finding out that I was going to speak, for fear the roughs would come and publicly abuse me.

My pastor preached in the same schoolhouse that I did, once a fortnight, and he said that if I continued preaching there, *he* would not.

What a dilemma I was in !

Had I been led by Satan ? If so, how was I to know when I was led by the Holy Spirit ? Sometimes I would think that perhaps I had made a mistake, but if the Lord would reveal to me that it was his will, I would call another meeting and acknowledge it.

I did not get any help, but rather grew worse. After I had suffered in this way for a few days, my husband was obliged to leave home on business, and there was no one at home but myself. About noon the pigs began to squeal most unmercifully. The first thought that came to me was :

“ Your neighbors will not think very much of

your religion, if you let those pigs squeal in that way," so I took a pail of food and started toward the barn. After I had stepped outside the door, the enemy said :

"You said that you were willing to publicly confess that you had made a mistake, if the Lord showed it to you."

"Yes," I said to myself, "I will do it most gladly."

Then he continued :

"Are you willing to confess that you have made a mistake in saying that you enjoyed holiness, also ?"

"Yes," I responded, "if the Lord shows me."

I stood still while these thoughts were passing through my mind, and then started on. The pigs were as noisy as ever, but before I had gone half-way, I was stopped by these words :

"Put that pail down and return to the house, and take your Bible, and all that you desire to know shall be revealed to you." Immediately I heard another voice say :

"If you don't go and feed those pigs, you will be forever disgraced by your neighbors."

I cried mightily to God to not let me be deceived.

Then said I to myself, "Those pigs won't die if they don't have their dinner immediately ; and the welfare of souls depends upon my knowing the truth in my case."

I turned towards the house, and as I was entering the door, I said, "I'm going to know ! I'm going to know !"

I took up my Bible and opened to the eighteenth chapter of Acts ; and as I was reading it seemed as though a legion of evil spirits were after me ; for from the first of my reading the enemy kept whispering :

"You ought to open somewhere else ; for this is the wrong chapter."

"Well," said I (for it did seem as though I was talking to a person), "when I have read this chapter, if God does not speak to me, then I will take another."

I continued reading, and soon came to the ninth verse :

"Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace ; for *I am with thee*, and no man shall *set on thee to hurt thee*."

Instantly my sitting-room seemed filled with light above the brightness of the sun ; and such power came upon me that it seemed as though I feared nothing on the face of the earth.

In a few moments these words came to me as if spoken by a person :

“ When the Spirit and the Word agree, it is always the will of God.”

I jumped to my feet as the application was made, and shouted, “ Glory to God ! now I know that what I did was right. Dear Father, how I do praise thee for this revelation ! ”

The question was then settled, and that forever. When I went out to feed the pigs they were as quiet and contented as they could be.

That fourteenth day of October, 1872, will never be forgotten, for it was the day of all days to me.

Since the question was settled that it was the will of God for me to preach, I became somewhat concerned to know when and where to begin. I thought it would be much easier for me to commence among strangers ; but that was not the mind of the Lord concerning me. If I had

only made the second appointment when the Lord prompted me, how much better it would have been ; but since I did not, all that I could do was to ask the Lord to guide me, and strictly obey each command. I realized my inability to such an extent, that I thought I should never be of service to any one ; but I was soon conscious that God only wanted me for an instrument to use, and a vessel to fill ; therefore I need not fear.

I went to prayer-meeting, and while there, felt impressed to make an appointment to preach on the next Tuesday evening.

“Well,” said I to myself, “if the steward that opposed me is not here, I will.” I had no sooner than come to that conclusion, when in he came ; and I let the meeting close without saying anything about it. As I was going home, it seemed as though I could hear the wails of the lost coming up from their place of torment, and encircling me.

Before retiring I tried to pray, but could not, for all that I could see were lost souls. I went to sleep, and awoke in the morning feeling

no better. I tried again to pray, but failed. All light was obscured from my soul's vision.

I could eat no breakfast, for the pressure was too terrible; and I knelt and asked the Lord to let me know his whole will. Soon the Holy Spirit began to put questions :

“Was I willing to be turned out of the church? and be misunderstood by the Christian people? and recognized as the off-scouring of society? to be called insane and foolish? and finally to have my relatives turn against and forsake me?”

It was a trying hour, but I said :

“Yes, Lord, I am willing to have all of this done if it is thy will.” I then saw two ways marked out very plainly before me : one leading to Heaven, by obedience, and the other to hell by disobedience. I said :

“Lord, I will be obedient if it costs me every thing.”

My soul was again filled with unutterable peace and light, and was void of all fear concerning preaching.

CHAPTER VI.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

ON the second of November I preached my second sermon from Romans viii: 31, to a large and attentive audience, and the Lord helped me wonderfully ; just as he had promised. I received many invitations to preach, some being near home, which I accepted. I was very weak, physically, but this promise was both strengthening and comforting : "Hope thou in God ; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance."

On the ninth I again preached to a large audience, from Hebrews xi: 1. I seemed almost confounded ; and to make matters worse, I heard an inexperienced minister criticising my sermon at the close of the service. It grieved me very much, for I had always recognized him as a friend and helper. I was tempted to never speak in

public again; but then, I had promised to preach at several different places, and what should I do?

I then thought of my consecration. Had I not promised God to preach his Gospel, even though I was forsaken by *all* of my friends?

Did not my consecration include this unpleasant event?

I thought it all over, saying nothing to any one but God, and again I said:

“Though *all* forsake me, Jesus, I will preach thy Gospel.”

I was announced to preach in the “red school-house,” about four miles distant, on the next Sabbath evening; and imagine my feelings when all the text I could get was the first verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. I felt like sinking at the thought of using that subject again, but I did, and the Lord helped me mightily. There was scarcely a dry eye in the house; and the people pronounced it a wonderful service. Thus I learned to lean on God, and not on my own limited understanding.

I soon commenced holding meetings every

evening, which continued for four weeks before any one was converted ; but a few sought and obtained holiness. I had large congregations, and great liberty in speaking until one evening when the power of darkness seemed to withstand every word that I uttered.

At the close of the sermon I requested all to speak for Jesus that desired to, and an old man arose and talked nearly as long as I had. There was no power in what he said, and very little sense, but I managed to endure it. Near the close of the service an unconverted gentleman, for whom we had long been praying, arose, and implored sinners to seek Christ. His talk surprised the people very much, for he, himself, was not converted that night. I felt more burdened for him than ever, until one afternoon, a few days later, when I was positive that the burden that had been on me, was on him, and I felt confident that he was not having a very enjoyable time.

When my husband and I started for meeting that evening, we expected to be the first ones there ; but, to our surprise, we found him there. Said he :

“I suppose they will feel disappointed at home, for my wife’s pastor appointed a prayer-meeting at our house, this evening ; but I could not stay away from here.”

When I gave the invitation for sinners to find Jesus, he was among the many who went forward and were powerfully converted.

The meetings continued to increase in interest until some of the most hardened cases, with many others, were powerfully saved.

In the commencement of the meetings, I asked the Lord to speak to me concerning them, and these promises were given me : Revelations iii : 8, 9 : “I know thy works ; behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it ; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie ; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee.”

How sure I was that the Lord would verify these promises in my case. Some of the breth

ren in the churches near by were very much opposed to the meetings, until I thought of closing, when some of them came to me and said:

"Sister Carter, you must not close these meetings now, for God is here in great power. We *knew* that you had great faith."

How nauseating their praise made me feel! Now that success had attended my labors, they were very loud with their praises; but it found no place in my heart.

Several times during the services, some of the people wanted to take a collection for me, but I would not allow it.

The Lord showed me that, in this particular series of meetings, there were to be no collections taken; and after the meetings were over, I could see why: simply to prove to the world that it was not their money I wanted, but that their souls might be saved.

The next spring I became very much interested in "Garner's Primitive Methodist Theology." After I had studied it for sometime, I was taken with severe pains in my temples and eyes, which soon caused me to become nearly blind. I

was compelled to remain in a dark room for weeks, and was not permitted to see one ray of light. I had previously, by urgent solicitation, engaged to teach our school; and as the time was drawing near, I talked with the trustee and tried to persuade him to engage some one else. He would not; and when commencement day arrived, I knelt and asked the Lord to speak to me by his promise, and immediately these words were given: "In six troubles I will be with thee, and in the seventh, I will never leave nor forsake thee;" on the strength of which I began teaching and my sight rapidly improved.

One day one of my pupils said that the children wished to know if I would have a prayer-meeting with them after school. I did, and the little ones were greatly blessed.

I met with great success in teaching, and my pupils were so attached to me that when I was visiting the place, some months later, and was walking on the lawn of my former home, which was in sight of the schoolhouse, about twenty of the scholars came running to see me. The teacher sent another one to tell them to return,

and that one remained, and then another one came to tell them that the teacher said that much time was being wasted, and they must come back, and so on until I had the whole school around me. I tried to persuade them to obey their teacher, but they said they didn't see me every day, and remained until the teacher came after them himself.

During the following fall, I was invited to hold a series of meetings in the Split Rock Methodist Episcopal Church, which I accepted, and the salvation of many precious souls was the result. The revival flame spread, and I was invited to hold meetings in different churches, in adjoining districts, which I accepted, and the results were equally as grand.

During the following year we rented our home and moved on to the Onondaga Hills, and commenced holding meetings in our neighborhood. I had been there only a short time when I received an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Chrysler, to preach in Naverino Union Church, which I accepted. After a drive of five miles, on the following Sunday, I entered the church, that was so

crowded I could scarcely make my way to the pulpit. I had great liberty in speaking, and just before the close of the service, Rev. Mr. Chrysler took an expression, to see if the people would like to have me preach for them on the following Sabbath. I remonstrated, by telling them that I had services at home that fully occupied my time ; but, in spite of it all, the vote was unanimous, and I reluctantly promised to speak once more for them. The next Sabbath came, and the people plead with me to preach just once more.

When the next appointment came, I was tempted to think there was no need of my going over those hills, and leaving my own meetings ; but if it was the will of the Lord for me to go, that he would save one soul beyond all doubt in that service. My text was in Daniel v : 27 : "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." When I was half-way through my sermon, a lady arose and began wringing her hands, while the tears were streaming down her cheeks, and said :

"I am the person that you are describing.

I'm a lost sinner! Is there any hope for me? Do you think there is? Oh, I'm lost, I'm lost! Do pray for me!"

I stopped preaching, and invited all that wanted to find Jesus, to come to the altar; and immediately six responded and confessed Christ as their Saviour. Thus the Lord answered my prayer, which showed me very clearly that I was in his order. I dared not refuse to preach for them any longer, but promised to go once a week.

The church was erected for union services, but one denomination had used it so long that they claimed it as theirs. My services came at an hour when it did not interfere with the pastor's in the least, and as several were converted at every service, it seemed advisable to hold a nightly series of meetings. We had only come to this conclusion, when the word came from one of the leading ministers in the conference:

"That, since courtesy had ceased, the church would have to be closed against the services that Sister Carter was holding."

"Well," said I, "if God doesn't want me to

preach in that church any longer, I'm sure I don't want to ; but if he does, no power on earth can prevent me." Thus I prayed and rested concerning the whole affair, for I was positive the Lord had sent me to Naverino ; and what a blessing it was, that I had the question settled in the beginning of the work. Soon the final decision came that we could use the church no more. I exclaimed, "Praise the Lord !"

"But," said my informant, "there is a large schoolhouse right next to the church, that will be opened for you if you will accept it ; that you may use as long as you please, with the whole community to endorse you."

I felt confident that it was the Lord's will for me to accept it, which I did, and we held our future services there.

On Sunday I preached at home in the morning and then started alone for Naverino. Owing to the terrible storm, I held my umbrella in one hand, and the reins in the other, and drove over hills and through valleys, under the raking fire of the enemy. He would suggest :

"Now you can see that it is not right for you

to preach in that schoolhouse ; just see how it rains on your first appointment. There will be no one there, you see if there is." It seemed as though there was a personal devil talking to me, so I answered him accordingly :

"Well, Mr. Devil, whether any one else goes there to meeting or not, I'm going, for the Lord has sent me ; and it is not going to rain when I come back, either." I had driven about two and a half miles, when the victory came, and I shouted so that the hills and valleys resounded with my notes of praise.

When the enemy saw that he was conquered, he withdrew from the battle-field for a season.

When I arrived at the schoolhouse it was well filled with attentive listeners ; and before the close of the service ten professed to find peace in Christ. I found that it took heavenly wisdom to know how to deal with the people, for they felt insulted by being turned out of the church ; but the Lord's word to me was :

"Stand still and see the salvation of God ;" also, "The battle is not yours, but God's ; he will

fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." So I proposed to let him fight while I rested.

The meetings had been held at the schoolhouse only a short time, when one of the members of the church began to fail rapidly with consumption, and requested a friend to write a letter to her pastor, entreating him to reconsider the rash step that had been taken in turning Mrs. Carter and her Saviour out of the church; and that, if he did not, she could not give her consent to remain a member of a church where her dear Saviour was being dishonored. Her pastor called, and told her that she was too near death to make any change in her church relationship. Said she:

"I am just near enough Heaven to know the great importance of obeying God. I must deal faithfully with you, for I must soon meet it at the Judgment." She was a very devoted Christian; one whose life spoke for her Saviour in whatever circumstance she was placed. Just before she passed away, she requested her husband to have me preach her funeral sermon in the schoolhouse. I had never preached such

a sermon before, and had some fears about being able to conduct it properly; and I sent for a minister at Syracuse to be present, so that if I should fail, he could assist me. He said that he was more of a mind not to come, than to, for he thought it would be a valuable discipline for me, but that he would oblige me this time. My text was, “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,” etc.

The Lord gave me the wisdom and strength that I needed, so that I did not have to ask for any other assistance. Praise his dear name!

The revival meetings continued every evening for a number of weeks, and there were many converted at each service.

CHAPTER VII.

TOO LATE.

AT the commencement of the meetings there was a young lady named Frankie, who was under such deep conviction that she came to the altar with the many others, but did not fully yield to God, and left without finding rest to her soul. The next evening she took her seat at the back of the house, and laughed and made sport during the entire service. I talked with her, but she seemed to grow more stubborn each day, and finally I let her alone. Souls were flocking to the Saviour, but nothing moved her. A few weeks later, I told the people that I was greatly afraid the next call to those who had slighted the Saviour during those meetings, would not be to the penitent form, but, instead, funeral bells, coffins, and shrouds.

As I was passing out of the hall, I noticed

that Frankie was in tears. I plead with her once more to give her heart to the Saviour, but she would not.

Then said I, "Frankie, we are now to have a vacation of two weeks, and I am afraid I shall never see you again ; but I do not think you can rise in the Judgment and say that I have not dealt faithfully with your soul."

"No," said she, "you have done all that you can for me," and turned away, still weeping. I went home, and did not hear from the place for two weeks. When I returned, almost the first thing that I heard, was, "Frankie is dead!"

"How did she die?" I inquired.

"Just as she had lived," was the answer.

"Of what disease?" I asked.

"Of malignant typhoid fever," said my informant. "Just after you went home, the typhoid fever swept over the whole place, taking its victims from nearly every family. Frankie was taken sick, and, in a few hours, lost her reason. Her mother, sister, and herself died in less than two weeks,—unprepared."

Thus it proved as I had told her: that we

would never meet again in this world. I thanked God with all my heart that I had called on nearly, if not quite, every family in the place, and had dealt faithfully with their souls.

During the following summer a minister came to see if he could get me to preach for him near Dexterville, Oswego Co. I thought I had sufficient work at home, but promised him I would pray over it. I did so, and decided to preach once for him.

The Lord helped me wonderfully at Dexterville, and souls were saved during the first service. The people greatly desired to have me preach for them again, which I promised to do, and left another appointment for four weeks later.

My traveling expenses were paid, and that was all ; but I felt confident that the Lord would be pleased to have me preach for him there, for there were multitudes of starving souls for whom the Saviour died, who were unable to pay much, if anything, toward the support of the Gospel. I had preached only a few times at Dexterville, when I was again urged to hold a series of

meetings there, which I promised to do. I returned home, took up my appointments, and made all necessary arrangements for being absent, and then returned to Dexterville.

The house was filled to its utmost capacity, and crowds were obliged to leave. Souls commenced being saved at the second service, and when I closed the meetings, three weeks later, many were rejoicing in the saving power of God. I had been home only a short time when I received an invitation to spend a week, to rest, at Dexterville, which I accepted. But when I arrived, I learned that a meeting was appointed for me that evening, for all of the people wanted to see me at the same time. Several were converted during the service, and I was urged to speak on the following evening, which I did, and continued to for two weeks,—souls being saved at every service. I then returned home to rest; for I was unable to find any among such an eager company. During my five weeks' stay there, I wore common print dresses, so that no one could say their clothes were too poor to attend meeting. The children were often

obliged to go barefooted, and men wore blue-jean overalls, who could afford no better; but how their faces shone when they triumphed in Jesus' name! On my return home, I found more calls for my services than I could possibly accept, from far and near. Most of them were from settled pastors, and not a few from communities where there were no services. When I laid them before the Lord, he would almost invariably direct me to go among the poor. How glad I was that Jesus said, "And the poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

Many of my friends asked me why I did not accept the calls where I would be the best remunerated; but my answer was:

"I can only go where the Lord sends me; if I did otherwise, I would be utterly worthless." As soon as I returned home I resumed my preaching, and music teaching, and received a cordial welcome, by both pupils and audiences, for we seemed like one family for miles around.

In the winter I accepted a call to the Gramby Centre Methodist Episcopal Church, situated

half-way between Dexterville and Fulton, for which place my husband and I started in our private conveyance a few mornings after.

We had gone only a few miles when it commenced to snow, and when we had got about half-way through our journey, we found that the roads were almost impassable. Our horse lost the track and seemed unable to take another step; but we managed to get him started again, and drove perhaps five miles, when the wind began to blow, fairly blinding our eyes. In a few moments my umbrella was turned inside out, and completely broken to pieces, which left us to the mercies of the raging storm. It was drawing near night, and we were ten miles from our destination. Our horse was becoming very weary, and I feared would not be able to carry us through. I asked the Lord to give him new strength, and to protect us in that cold, blustering storm. In a few moments the horse began to move faster and faster, just as though he had been resting, and we both remarked how comfortable we were. When we were about one mile from our destination, it commenced bluster-

ing so that we could not see a rod ahead of us. It was quite dark, and we could not see where to drive, and all at once we came to a stand-still. The horse was stuck fast in the drifts.

What could we do ?

Was it possible the Lord wanted us to perish in sight of our stopping place ?

We again lifted our heart in prayer to the One that held the storm in his hand, asking guidance in that hour of perplexity. We backed the horse out of the drifts by lifting the sleigh, and then gave him the reins, and bade him go, asking God to guide him. He turned completely out of the road, and went up a bank close beside the fence, and trotted off as though nothing had happened. We felt no concern, for we had asked God to guide him, and believed that he would. In a few moments we were safely housed with our friends, and our faithful horse was well cared for. One of our friends had just returned from Fulton, where he had been expecting to find us at the depot, and was almost chilled through coming only a few miles.

Very soon we were called to tea, which was

very acceptable ; and after prayers, we retired for the night.

The next evening the church was so filled with people, to hear the lady preacher, that the floor settled one inch. I was told that it had never been so full since it was built. A dear old Presbyterian brother, who lived at the Centre, thought a great deal of union, and feared my coming would cause a disunion ; so he did not come to hear me the first evening. Some considered it absurd for a lady to even speak in church, saying nothing about preaching, and one minister said to some of his people :

“Why, if you *must* have a woman preacher, I will part my hair in the middle, and put on petticoats, and preach for you.”

Such a remark would be decidedly unbecoming for one of the scums of society, but was uttered by a minister of the Gospel. I was only grieved for him — not myself. On the second evening the church was packed to its utmost capacity. In the audience was the Presbyterian brother. He came to me at the close of the service, and said :

"I live just across the street, and would be pleased to entertain yourself and husband, as long as you remain in the place."

This was a victory ; for he was the wealthiest gentleman at the Centre.

We remained at his elegant home as long as we stayed in the Gramby, and had all of the luxuries that money could buy.

The meetings continued with unabated interest, for two weeks, when I had to return home to fill appointments there, and attend to my large class of pupils. I had been home only a short time when I received a call from a gentleman from Gramby, who said that he had been sent by the people of that place to see if we would move there ; and that our Presbyterian brother offered to pay half of the rent of a fine farm, that would be partly planted for us, if we would accept it. We told him that we could not give him a definite answer then, but would pray over it, and let him know at an early date. We did so, and felt confident that the Lord wanted us to accept it.

When I told the people in Onondaga and

Naverino that we were going to leave them, they felt very badly, and held out tempting inducements for me to remain ; but nothing could tempt me to disobey God.

When I gave my farewell lessons I prayed with each of my pupils, and was forced to tear myself away, for their tears and entreaties to remain, together with an addition of thirty pupils to my class, was more than I could have stood, had I not been positive that the Lord wanted me in Gramby.

When I arrived at my new home, I was delighted with the place, for everything bespoke health and comfort. Soon after my arrival, I had a great desire to attend a camp-meeting at Clyde, and asked the Lord to send money enough to pay all expenses, if it was his will for me to go.

On the next Sabbath I received six dollars, and on the one following, twenty-four ; so I had just the amount for which I had prayed. I invited my friends to go, and each family to put in a piece of unbleached muslin, and we would make our own tent, and pitch it, and hold a

meeting in it before we went. They did so, and a number of ladies met at a friend's, whose house was centrally located, and I cut and basted the tent, eighteen by twenty-four feet, and they stitched it on their machines.

In the evening, some of the gentlemen pitched it just across the street, and we held a prayer and praise service in it. It was filled with people, and we had a glorious time, for the Holy Spirit was present in great power. When we dedicated it at Clyde, there were many converted. Praise God!

The name of the tent was "Ebenezer," written in large letters across the front, and just below it were these words: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." One day the power of the Lord was in our midst in a wonderful manner; and while we were standing, and singing, twelve persons were slain as though they had been cut down with a scythe; six in one direction, and six in the other. Just after that service we were told that sixty drunken Catholics were coming on the ground in the evening, to pull up all of the tents, and break

up the camp, and that we had better leave a watcher with our tent, as it stood right at the entrance.

We had entirely forgotten it when evening came, and left everything as we usually did, and went to meeting. We were afterwards told that they came, with their clubs, but instead of doing as they had threatened, walked quietly on the ground and took their seats, and left just the same; and one was heard to remark that God *was* there.

When the meetings closed, many new-born souls were rejoicing in the saving power of God; and we returned home feeling much refreshed, both spiritually and physically.

CHAPTER VIII.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

IN the fall I accepted a call to preach at the Thompson District, five miles from Oswego. When the meetings were at their height, and many were being saved, my eldest daughter, little Belle, who had accompanied me, was taken with a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. She was under the care of a skillful physician, but grew worse every moment, until at the expiration of two weeks, her cries became almost unendurable.

I knelt by her bedside, and she prayed :

“Dear Heavenly Father, have mercy on Belle’s poor little body. If it be thy will, heal me now ; and if not, please take me to thyself, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.”

She then fell asleep, a privilege she had not enjoyed for two weeks, and when she awoke, her

fever was all gone. When the physician called, he said :

“Well, well, well! what a change there is in her.”

“Yes,” said I, “the Lord has healed her, so we shall not need your services any longer.”

The next day she walked down stairs, and from that day to this, she has not had another symptom of rheumatism.

When I returned home at the close of the Thompson District revival, among the calls that I found awaiting my arrival, was one to Grace Chapel, Oswego. I accepted the invitation, and preached my first sermon there January 1, 1877. It was such a novelty to hear a woman preach, that a portion of the audience was composed of rowdies, who were generally known as the “Band of Forty Thieves.” They would applaud me, without any cause, and often stand right up and mock me. I asked them to please keep quiet, and even went and spoke to them personally; but they had the idea that they were going to do just as they pleased, and I had the idea that they were not. After I had spoken

kindly to them for three evenings without success, I began to talk law, and told them that I was going to have order, for I had never known defeat, and never expected to.

The next morning the city recorder sent me word that I need have no more concern about order, only to ask my ushers to take the names of the disturbing parties and send them to him. I did so, and six were arrested the first night, and "fined twenty-five dollars, or thirty days in jail," after which I always had perfect attention.

Each evening it was necessary to have four policeman from the church door to the gate, to keep the crowds from trampling on another; for after the church was so filled that there was not even standing room for another person, the large grounds around it, and the sidewalk in front of it, were packed with people trying to get a glimpse of "the woman preacher." The meetings continued for nine weeks, during which time there were several hundred conversions.

I was invited to speak in different parts of the city, and I think it was merely through cour-

tesy, — but not in a courteous manner, — that I received an invitation from one of the pastors to preach, one evening, from his pulpit. He sent the invitation by one of his members, and I sent word back that I would not speak for him unless he sent me a written invitation, and announced the same from his pulpit. When I met him at his church a few evenings later, he apologized by saying :

“I hope you will pardon me, Mrs. Carter, for I thought if I advertised you, my church, although it is large, would not begin to hold the people.”

The church did not hold all of the people, but I had great liberty in speaking, and some found the Saviour during that service.

During my stay in the city, I received so many calls from the inquiring and anxious ones, that for weeks, yes, months, I could not eat my meals leisurely, nor find a spare moment for myself.

I received so many calls for my services, during my stay there, that, had I accepted them, it would have kept me busy for years ; but I found that I had plenty to do between that time and

the first of June, to prepare for myself and family taking a trip to the Old World.

The night before I left Oswego, I led a farewell service, which I shall always remember. As I stood by the pulpit shaking hands and saying good-by to the hundreds that were passing before me, some of whom were crying audibly, it presented as touching a scene as I ever witnessed. The next morning the depot and platform were filled with people to say good-by, perhaps for the last time, and about a half a mile up the track, were those that wished to say they saw us last.

On Saturday morning, June 16, our steamer, the proud old *Britanic*, shoved off from the shores of New York; and as I watched the land recede from view, the silent tears began to trickle down my cheeks, for the thought would come, "Perhaps I shall never see America again."

We arose early the next morning, and managed to get on deck, for all were quite ill, except myself. I looked around on the melancholy faces, and thought that perhaps a little singing would not make them feel any worse, so I sung:

“There is power in Jesus’ blood,
To heal both body and soul.”

The sick opened their eyes in surprise to hear one sing under such circumstances, and when I had finished, a Norwegian lady, with tears streaming down her pale cheeks, said :

“Dat ish goot, dat ish goot; shing shum more; dat ish so goot, it make me so much bether; oh shing shum more.”

I sang another piece, and when I had finished, I asked her if she loved Jesus; she replied :

“Oyrsh, me loves Shesus, but me am afraid to die.”

Just then one of the stewards came on deck and said to me :

“You are the kind of a lady to have on board, for you are so cheerful all of the time.”

“My happiness,” said I, “comes from the Lord. He saves me from all sin, and I am not afraid of sickness or death. Are you a Christian, sir?”

He replied, “No, madam,” and passed on.

One evening as I was watching the sun, which seemed to be pillowing itself on the bosom of the

inexhaustible waters, I was prompted to appoint a prayer-meeting, so that the unsaved could have the opportunity of pillowing their weary heads on the bosom of their Saviour. I shrank from doing so, but when I looked over to the place that I had been prompted to occupy, I saw a young man sitting there, playing "trashy" music on an accordion, and I said to myself, "I will not be less anxious to honor my Saviour than he is the Devil." So I appointed a prayer-meeting for the next morning.

At the appointed hour, I went to the stern of the vessel and began singing, and in a few moments had quite an audience. I prayed, and then talked for a few moments, and gave others the opportunity, but only a few improved it. Before I closed, I appointed another meeting for the afternoon of the same day. At each service the people were more anxious to have another, and when we were about to step upon the soil of England, many told me that they had been greatly benefited by the meetings.

It was nine o'clock the morning of June 27th, when we arrived in Liverpool. After we had

made our toilet at the hotel, I said to my husband :

“I wish we had time to walk out on some of the main streets before train time.”

He replied :

“We are on one of the main streets.”

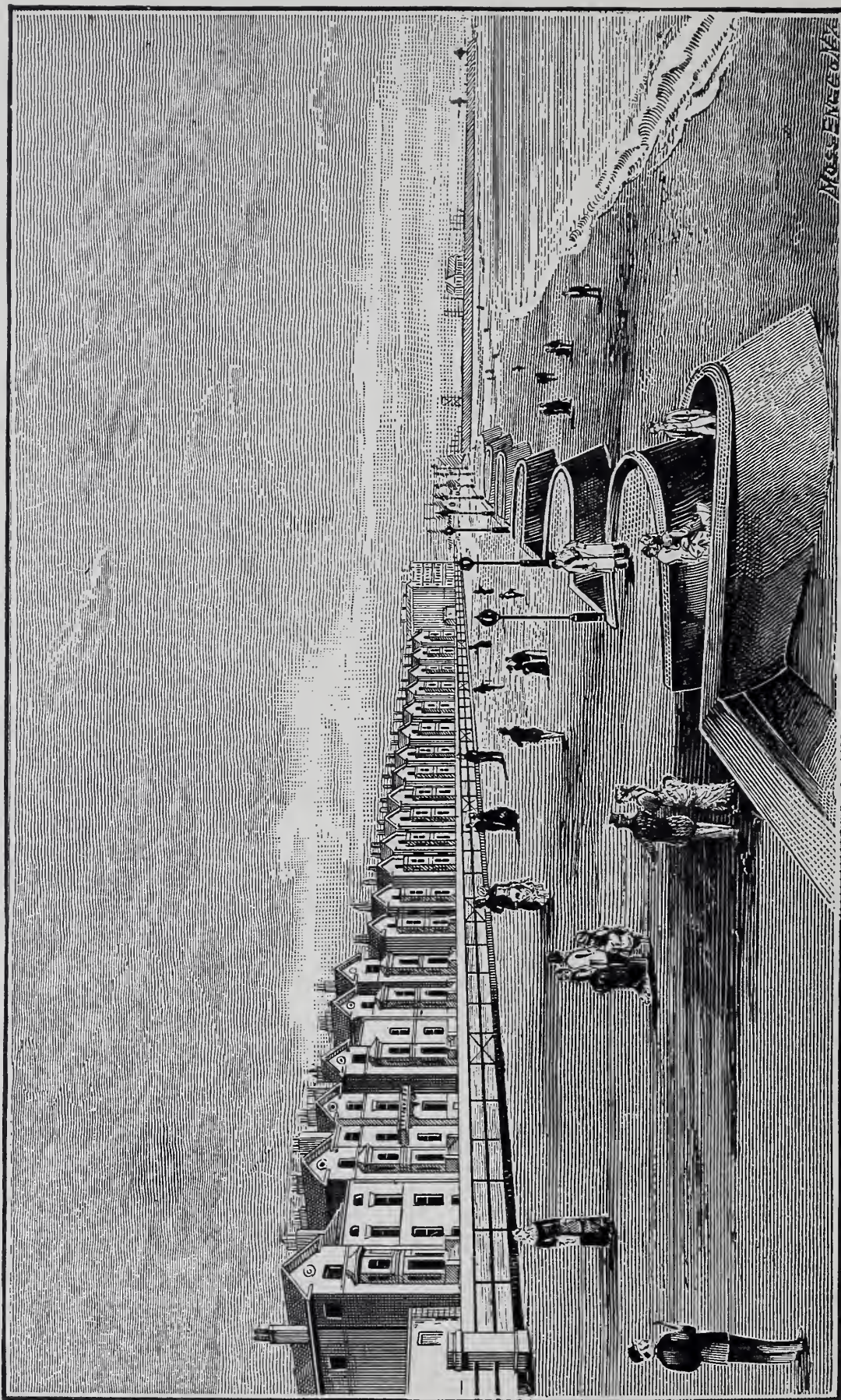
I was surprised for I certainly thought that the main streets would be wider and less dingy ; and I asked :

“Is all England like this ?”

Shortly after dinner, we were on our way to Lowestoft, Suffolk County, where my husband's uncle and aunt resided. The cars were quite a novelty to me, for instead of the entrance being at the end of the car as it is in America, the doors were in the side ; and each car was divided into separate apartments, with seats for perhaps ten persons. We arrived in Norwich, where we remained long enough to take a ramble through the old castle, and then proceeded with our journey. We observed that the natural scenery was beautiful, and that many farms, gardens, and yards, were enclosed with beautiful hedges, for which, I afterwards learned, England was noted.

We arrived in Lowestoft in the afternoon of the next day, and after a short drive down London Road, were in front of the handsome residence of Uncle Cunningham.

You can imagine the family's surprise when they saw us, for they did not even know that we intended to visit Europe. After our greeting was over, and a thousand and one questions had been asked, we were summoned to tea, after which, we were excused for the night, owing to our being so very weary.



ESPLANADA, LOWESTAFF, ENGLAND.

CHAPTER IX.

IN EUROPE.

LOWESTOFT is a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, situated on the coast of the German Ocean, and is a fashionable summer resort.

The Esplanade furnishes a walk and retreat that is grand beyond description. There one can sit and while away many hours, watching multitudes of children playing in the sand on the beach, or the young and gay strolling by. Off to the left may be seen the pier, very nearly covered with people, who had to pay one penny each, for the privilege of walking there. To the right is Wellington Terrace, a beautiful walk leading to Kirkley, a more ancient part of the town. Out in the harbor may be seen little boats darting here and there, managed by skillful oarsmen, while others are driven by well-filled sails.

Very nearly opposite the entrance of the pier is the Royal Hotel; and just below the North Pier is the New Ness Light-house, that has, by its revolving light, warned many a mariner of danger.

The first street back of the Esplanade is the Marine Parade, which is beautiful in the extreme. On one side of the street are residences, and on the other are beautiful gardens, which present a very pleasing aspect. London Road is the third from the ocean; and the part occupied by Uncle Cunningham is called Elizabeth Terrace, which is none the less beautiful.

After I had been in Lowestoft two weeks, Mr. Aams, the mayor of the town, invited me to preach at Mill Road Chapel, on the next Sabbath afternoon, which I accepted.

The next day I read the announcement that I was to not only speak in the afternoon, but in the evening, also; which was news to me.

On Sunday, aunt accompanied me to the chapel. There were several ministers present, and the large edifice was packed with people. The Lord helped me to preach the unadulterated

truth, and to cry out against all manner of intoxicating liquors. I did not know what the result would be, for the English people are wedded to their stout, beer, and wine. On our way home, aunt said :

“Melissa, the people of England will not stand your kind of preaching. We are not accustomed to having every little sin specified ; for our ministers generalize more.”

Then said she, with considerable emphasis :

“It will never do Melissa, it will never do.”

“Well,” said I, “Auntie, Jesus tells us of our sins, and teaches us how to get rid of them ; and if my telling this people that the use of strong drink is a sin, gives them offence, then they will have to be offended ; for I am not going to compromise with them, and am willing to take the consequences, in the name of the Lord.”

She was silent on that subject after that. As I entered the chapel in the evening, and was pressing down the crowded aisle, I so fully realized my nothingness, that it would have been a relief to have gone out of sight ; but since that could not be, I entered the pulpit, took my text,

and began preaching. I think I had spoken about three minutes, when there was such a sense of God's presence all around me, that I was silent for a moment, and then there seemed to be a cloud of glory settling over the entire congregation. After I was through preaching, many inquiring souls found peace in believing. Thus the Lord took care of my straight preaching.

The next morning Rev. Mr. Rix, pastor of Mill Road Chapel, called to express his gratitude for my plain dealing with his people, and also to invite myself and family to dine with him, at Palmerston Villas. At four o'clock the carriage was waiting, and we found it to be a delightful drive.

Mr. Rix was somewhat perplexed in regard to holiness, which I explained as best I could, and, I trust, satisfactorily to him. After spending a very pleasant afternoon, we all accompanied him to Mill Road Chapel, where the reverend gentleman preached from these words: "When I am weak, then am I strong."

I am surprised to find so few in America, as

well as England, who understand Scriptural holiness. People seem to be perfectly contented to live an up-and-down life of sinning and repenting; but since the Lord has wholly saved me, it seems very strange that so many professors of the religion of Jesus Christ fail to see their privilege in him; for it is not only God's will that we should have life, but that we should have it more abundantly; and to not only have peace occasionally, but perfect peace; for he is kept in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on God. The delight of my life is to preach Jesus as a perfect Saviour; and I intend to, God helping me, as long as I live.

One afternoon while I was visiting with some of Cousin Mina's friends, a Mr. Page asked me if I would allow him to ask me a question. I gave my consent, and he said:

"Will you please tell why you dress perfectly plain, while all of those around you are adorned with trimmings and jewels?"

"It gives me great pleasure," said I, "to have the opportunity of telling you. Did you not know that the Bible teaches it?"

“Why, no,” he replied; “I never heard of such a thing.” By this time Miss Spurgeon, Cousin Mina, and uncle, were becoming thoroughly interested, and each in turn gave expression to their surprise.

“Well,” said I, “I don’t wonder at your being so astonished at what I have said, when we see so much pride and vanity in all of our churches; but, notwithstanding all of this, what I have said is true; and, Mina, if you will let me take a Bible, I will prove it.”

I turned to first Peter, third chapter, and began reading at the third verse.

“Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God, of great price.”

“For after this manner in the olden time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves.”

Also First Peter ii: 9: “But ye are a

chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people: that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."

Also, First Tim. ii: 9-10: "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array: but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

As I closed the Bible and looked up, I asked:

"What do you think of it?"

They answered in a subdued tone:

"It is true."

"Then," said I, "since the Scripture is true, can you see any other than the path of obedience leading to heaven?"

"I know that it is argued that God does not require us to dress plainly, for fear we may attract attention; and some have said that if they looked as well in plain dresses as I, they would not hesitate one moment to dress likewise; but the Scripture does not teach us that to obey God is going to make us appear well in the esti-

mation of others ; for, if it did, there would be the opportunity to cultivate pride in eccentricity, as well as in following the world. But when one comes out from the world and is separate for Jesus' sake,—for the sake of the One who died on Calvary to purchase us a full and complete cleansing from our sins,—there will be no hankering after the gewgaws and useless,—yes, more than useless !—adornings of this world.”

“Some look upon the plainly-dressed pilgrim in disgust, and say, ‘They do not think that God robs one of all self-respect when he converts them, and leave them without any taste whatever.’ ”

“No, neither do I ; for if the latest fashion from Paris was for ladies' dresses to be made perfectly plain, and that no crimps or jewels were to be worn under any consideration, and that face powder, bustles, and French-heeled boots were to be abandoned, six months -would not pass before every devotee of fashion would be as plainly dressed as possible, and consider it in good taste ; but you will allow me to say, that there is no good taste except in perfect obedience to the will of God in all things.”

“How many homes have been broken up, and business men made bankrupt, by the extravagance of their wives and pleasure-seeking daughters, simply because it was customary to do this or that; and when they were spoken to about it, they would invariably reply, ‘Why! our pastor wears gold in abundance, and his wife is as gayly dressed as any lady that enters the church; so there can be no harm in doing so,’ and thus blindly they pass downward until their feet take hold on death and hell.”

“A lady once said to me:

‘Mrs. Carter, my Bible teaches me that I am to wear the kind of clothing that is becoming to me.’ Said I, ‘Are you sure that it reads in that way?’”

“Most assuredly I am,” she replied.

I opened my Bible and read: “But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.”

“You see, my dear,” said I, “that it does not say that such clothing is to be becoming to us out of Christ, but rather to become our profession as followers of the Saviour. The question

of dress is not a minor point in our experiences, as some would have it, for no point is minor that has a "thou shalt not," or a "thou shalt," attached to it in the Scripture. Neither can it be treated in an indifferent manner, and receive God's approbation.

"We are citizens of another country, therefore our dress and life is the outward evidence of the inward change in the heart." A great many have said, 'Mrs. Carter, since you are so radical on these points, I should think you would take less pride in waving your hair so beautifully.' The answer that I always make is, 'The Lord has given me wavy hair, and it is without any effort of mine that it is as you see it.'

I then turned to Mr. Page and asked him if he was a Christian. He replied, "I am not ; but there is something about the religion that you profess that charms me, and I want the same kind."

I am happy to say that he sought and obtained the pearl of great price, and understood, as he said, that he had long desired to, the secret of my constant happiness.

I will here insert a few lines clipped from the

editorials in the *Contributor*, which I believe were written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost :

“If, in the other world, the records of human lives are thrown open to the public, it will be painful to see how many souls Satan has tripped over into perdition with the question of dress. It may not seem to hold comparison in its dreaded results, with avarice and greed, rum and gambling, theatres and balls, but it will certainly be appalling enough to find how bondage to fashion has made immortal souls unmindful of eternity and heaven. Parents and teachers who seek the happiness of their children here and hereafter, cannot be too persevering in training them to such an estimate of life as will keep dress in its very simple and subordinate place in their thought and affection. Scripture is emphatic in its inculcation of simplicity of apparel and manners ; and a true refinement and intelligent taste agree with the teaching, and have expressed themselves in the couplet from the ‘New Pasciad :’

‘Learn thou this most infallible of rules,
The ‘taste’ of Fashion is the law of fools.’ ”

Miss Spurgeon and Cousin Mina, decided to follow in the plain path of Jesus.

As time passed, my circle of acquaintances increased, and I received so many calls for my services that it was impossible to think of accepting them. One day while aunt and I were talking about them, she said :

“I do not think you will be invited to preach in the St. Peter’s Street Church, for they are such an aristocratic people.” A few hours later, I was summoned to the parlor, and was introduced to the pastor of “St. Peter’s Street Church.” After a pleasant conversation, he asked me if I would preach for him on the next Sabbath morning? I promised to do so. When I told aunt the nature of his call, she said :

“Well, well, I’m astonished ! for I never expected that they would want such plain preaching in their church ; but I see that plain preaching or dress does not make you any the less popular.”

On the twenty-second of July I was invited to attend a camp-meeting that was to be held in a

ten-acre field. Of course I expected to see tents, preachers' stand, etc.; but imagine my surprise when I saw neither, and not even a seat.

The preachers' stand was a lumber wagon, which I refused to mount, but stood on a rise of ground to address the audience. In the evening I preached at the Brickfields, and twelve professed to find the Saviour.

The next day Mr. Spurgeon, uncle, my family and myself, took a delightful ride in the country. We passed Sotterly Hall, which stands quite a distance from the road, almost hidden from view by the grove that surrounds it. I looked at it through a glass, which enabled me to count thirty-two windows in the front. It is a plain white building, and the contrasting foliage that surrounds it, together with the beautiful entrance and driveway, gives it a very pleasing appearance.

We drove to Wrentham and called on uncle's sister, Mrs. Harwood, at Mill Villa, and after looking at her beautiful garden, returned to Lowestoft by the way of Kessingland, Pakefield, and Kirkley.

The next Sunday I preached twice at Wrentham, and on Monday visited Covehith, where I saw the ruins of an ancient church that was destroyed in 1643, during the civil war of Charles the First. In 1672 there was a small church built inside the ruins of the old one. The tower of the ancient church yet remains, in which are five bells well toned. There also remains some portion of the outer walls, which display some fine arches and rich tracery, being nearly covered with ivy and woodbine. The next afternoon Mrs. Harwood and I drove to Halesworth, where she introduced me to a reverend gentleman, that asked :

“Ah ! is this the Mrs. Carter of America ? ”

I told him that it was.

“Did you receive a letter from me yesterday ? ”

When I told him that I had not, he continued :

“I have heard of your successful work in Lowestoft and elsewhere, and our Presiding Elder and other ministers, wish to secure your services as evangelist for the entire Methodist Connection.”

I told him that I thought that would be next to impossible, for I was then making preparations to return to America.

When I went to England, I supposed that I would have a good opportunity to rest, being an entire stranger, but very few evenings passed that found me out of the pulpit. Sometimes I would preach two sermons in one evening, in different parts of the city, and as the churches would not hold the people, I spoke in the roller skating rink; and the paper stated that a great many were obliged to leave, even then. I preached a great many times at the Seamen's Bethel, and it was very touching to see hundreds of sailors, all dressed in blue, with their brown faces filled with delight as they heard about Jesus. On the nineteenth of September there was a tea given in our honor, by the ladies of the Brickfields, and I was advertised, with the many other speakers of the evening. Mr. Adams arose and said:

"Although you are to hear from many distinguished gentlemen, Mrs. Carter is the lion of the evening."

I was the last to speak, and after I sat down I noticed a large family Bible lying on the desk. I did not have much time to think about it, when Mr. Adams, the chairman of the meeting, arose, and after an elaborate speech presented it to me: also a pale-blue tea service, from the Sabbath-school. I was so perfectly surprised that it was in broken accents I expressed my thanks. On the fly-leaf of the Bible was this inscription:

“Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Carter, of Oswego, U. S., by their friends connected with the Primitive Methodist Society, at the Brickfields, Lowestoft, England, in commemoration of their stay in their midst, and in acknowledgment of their earnest and very successful labors in the summer of 1877, with praise to God on their behalf, and the united prayer that their lives may long be spared to be devoted to the cause of Christ, which they have been enabled so well to serve in the past.

“MARY AYDEN PEARSE,
Society Steward.”

SEPTEMBER 20, 1877. .

The Bible, the dearest of all books to me, is

now lying on the Bible-stand in my sitting-room, and I never look at, or read out of it, without my mind going back to the dear ones, and the evening of its presentation.

I accepted an invitation to preach a farewell sermon at Wrentham, at the close of which I was presented with a full tea-service of white china, cut glass, and silver. The next morning, before I returned to Lowestoft, a poor little orphan girl called, and handed me a little bookmark that read, "Forget me not." Said she:

"Dear Mrs. Carter, I do love you so much, that I must give you something to remember me by, for it was you that taught me to love Jesus. Auntie said that she was afraid you would not accept such a little gift, but I wanted to give you something."

I told her that I prized it as I could not anything else, and would always keep it, and remember the little "lamb" that gave it. When I kissed her good-by, she cried as though her little heart would break, and finally said:

"I'm going to see you in Heaven, Mrs. Carter."

“My dear,” I said, “may I feel that you are praying for me, that I may always be faithful to God, and win many souls to him?”

She said, “Yes ma’am;” and turned away. The book-mark has ever since remained in a flexible-covered Bible I received while in England, and that is now quite a bit worn; and I often remember the little girl, and the many others that gave me the exquisite tokens of remembrance, and offer a silent prayer that they may always be kept, in prosperity or adversity, near to the Saviour.

CHAPTER X.

STORM AT SEA.

AMONG the many places of note I visited, was the Peterborough Cathedral, a massive structure of granite, supported by huge pillars. The walls are of unfinished stone, which gives the interior a very sombre appearance; the floor is made of the tombstones of noted persons, while underneath are vaults containing their remains. The guide showed us a tombstone that was one thousand years old; also those of Elizabeth, Queen of England, Mary, Queen of Scots, and other personages. The main building was erected seven hundred years ago, and the Sabbath-school apartment had been standing three hundred years. We passed through the first part into the second, which is used for the regular services. The walls were of the most exquisite carvings I ever beheld, and looked like mahogany.

The large cemetery adjoining the cathedral, looked very strange, as all of the tombstones lay flat on the ground, as they did in nearly every cemetery I saw while in England.

The Yarmouth Temple was a brilliant building. The front was of white stone, and the inner walls and ceiling were of pure white, with gilded grooves, which presented a very dazzling appearance. The pews and large rostrum were of very dark wood. There were several large prayer and class-rooms, and a very large Sabbath-school apartment. If I remember correctly, the Sabbath-school had a membership of six hundred pupils. I had the pleasure of attending one of the services at the Temple, and was invited by the pastor to preach the anniversary sermon.

Space prevents my giving a more detailed account of my travels, and I will pass over the last month, nearly all of which I spent in visiting places of note. I only informed my relatives the exact time that we were going to leave, so as to avoid a crowd at the station, and make the parting a little easier, after we had said good-by to

our loved ones, and realized that in a few days the wide blue waters of the Atlantic would separate us, while we were being whirled farther and farther from them.

On the second of November we went on board the *Bothnia*, of the Cunard line, and set sail for America at nine o'clock the next morning. The sea was very rough, with head winds, which increased every moment, until the ocean was like a vast caldron, with the fire of the pit beneath it.

The fury of the storm rendered it impossible to hold meetings, but I would sing for the passengers, until my voice could not be heard above the shrieking wind, the creaking of the riggings, and crashing of every movable thing. How I pitied the poor sailors who had to be exposed to the storm, and were in danger of being washed overboard at any moment ! I will now copy from my journal :

Nov. 5. Heavy sea, with head winds which are growing worse every moment. God only knows what will become of us, but my confidence in him is unshaken.

Nov. 6. Heavy sea, with stronger wind than yesterday. May God help us in this hour of extreme peril.

Nov. 7. The sun shines beautifully, but the sea is as heavy as ever, with increasing wind. Oh! a storm at sea; who can describe it? The passengers begin to turn pale, and the old seamen shake their heads, while the captain paces the deck with blanched cheeks.

Nov. 8. Just passed another fearful night. The waves, as they strike the bow of the ship, sound like a thousand thunders. Some of the time it does seem that the ship must tip over; for one moment she is standing on her side, the next, is heaving and plunging, and then, trembling like a wounded deer. One lady said to me, "Why don't you pray for us, that we may be saved?" Said I:

"My dear, I am in constant prayer, but am afraid that you look more to the waves than you do to the Master of them. You give your heart to the Lord, and you will be as calm as I. You see I have no fear, and it is just because I trust in Jesus."

Nov. 9. The storm is worse than it has been all the preceding days combined. Some of the old sailors say that they have not witnessed such a storm for over twenty years. The furious waves have dashed the bottom out of one of the best life-boats. Notwithstanding the howling wind and roaring waves, my heart is as calm and peaceful as ever, for my Heavenly Father has given me the assurance that he will pilot us safely into New York harbor. When it is turmoil without, I praise God it is only peace within. Some of the ladies are weeping and mourning, for fear we will be lost. I point them to Jesus.

Nov. 11. The storm is yet raging with unabated power, and the cry came in the night, "Lost! We are lost!" Some of the people came running to my state-room, and one woman cried: "We want to die near you. We cannot die with those sinners."

Do pray! oh, do pray!" I told them not to fear, for I had the evidence that the Lord would land us safely in New York. In a few moments I heard that the aft wheel-house was dashed to pieces, but all of this combined did not move me in the least. Belle and Ella are as quiet as I, for they say, "We are going to land safely, for mamma says so." Oh! that every child of God believed and rested on his word, as they do on mine. The next cry that was heard, was, "The wind is going down; thank God!"

I have given only a faint description of the terrors of the storm, for some of the time we only made four miles an hour, and at the same time consumed ninety-two tons of coal a day. As the wind went down, we made more rapid progress, and on the sixteenth of November arrived in New York harbor. As we were rounding the pier, we saw that the wharf was filled with people, who were waving their handkerchiefs in response to ours, and cheers for the *Bothnia* came floating over the waters. As the steamer touched the dock, we all gave a final cheer. It was very touching to see the tears of joy as some of the passengers were folded in the embrace of those whom they had never expected to see again.

When we arrived at Oswego, we were welcomed by loving hearts, and outstretched arms. On the following day a *Palladium* reporter visited me, and the following was in the evening paper, entitled : " Sister Carter."

" Mrs. Carter the evangelist, who gained considerable popularity by her preaching and exhorting in this city last winter and spring, and who went to Europe in June last, returned on Thursday. It was rumored at the time of her departure, that a snug fortune awaited Mr. Carter somewhere in England, and that the object of the voyage was to secure it. A *Palladium* reporter visited Mrs. Carter this morning, and in a pleasant interview, learned the following interesting account of the trip. " We left," said Mrs. Carter, " in June, and the voyage across was very pleasant. I held meetings on the boat, assisted by an Episcopal clergyman, and succeeded in bringing some of the passengers to the Lord. We were nine days in crossing, and the interest in the meetings increased every day.

" After landing," continued Mrs. Carter, " we went directly to Lowestoft, a place of fifteen thousand inhabitants, on the coast of the German Ocean. Lowestoft is a fashionable watering-place, and the residence of an aunt and uncle of Mr. Carter. I stayed there four months, and during that time occupied nearly all of the pulpits in the place, and a great many in the country adjoining. I was very successful in my labors, and the people insisted I should stay with them, offering me tempting inducements. During my stay I was the recipient of a number of valuable presents."

"You can just say," said she to the reporter, "that the ministers in that country are not afraid of their pulpits, and I was made welcome to them all, without distinction.

"The trip back on the Bothnia of the Cunard line was terrible, and similar to that of the Russia, which has recently been described in our columns. On account of the terrible rolling of the ship, meetings could not be held; but the ministrations of Mrs. Carter were most comforting to those in danger. 'How about the fortune?' asked the reporter. 'My husband expected quite a fortune,' said she, 'but did not get much.'

"Mrs. Carter has no definite plans for the future. She will continue her evangelistic work, she says, until she dies; but has fixed on no location of residence. She has a call to go to Syracuse, and may spend the winter there.

"Mrs. Carter's welcome home was very cordial, as her earnest labors have endeared her to a great many. The news of her arrival spread rapidly, and she is receiving congratulations from all quarters, on the success of her labors in England, and her safe return."

Shortly after, I accepted a call by the pastor, to the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Minnetto. After I had labored faithfully for some evenings, and a few had been converted, the work came to a stand-still. During my sermon it seemed as though the heavens were brass, and the earth was iron. Every word that I uttered seemed to fly back in my face. I invited sinners to find

the Saviour, but they did not heed it. There seemed to be a death-like stupor on the people, that I could not over-power. I was praying, continually, for Divine guidance, for I was completely puzzled to know what to do, when a piece came to me, entitled, "Too Late."

I arose, and as I began singing it, I was lost to all around me, and for a few moments seemed to be standing in eternity, witnessing the Judgment scene. I saw the congregation to whom I had preached that evening, condemned, and about to be cast into hell, with the blazing eyes of an offended God piercing them through. When I became conscious that I was singing the last line of the last verse, I seemed to be waking out of a sleep, and I saw the large altar filled with penitents, some of whom were weeping so that the carpet where they knelt was wet with their tears. In a few moments the scene was changed from mourning to rejoicing, and before that series of meetings closed, many souls were triumphing in Jesus' name.

During the winter and spring, I also held revivals at Wolcott, South Butler, Lansing, and

Scriba, and the conversion of hundreds of souls was the result of my labors.

I was invited by an infidel to hold meetings in his large cooper shop, in the eastern part of our city, which I accepted, for the winter of 1878. The large shop was filled to its utmost every evening, and many were converted.

One evening while I was describing the Israelites' march around Jericho, and the people were listening almost breathlessly, there was a terrible crash overhead. The shock was so sudden that some almost fainted, while others rushed, panic-stricken, for the door. As soon as my voice could be heard, I began singing, which soon brought order.

I took the advantage of the situation, and invited all that were not ready for the Judgment, to come to the altar. The altar was filled, and many found peace, and said that they would always praise God for the battle at Jericho. At the close of the service we ascertained the cause of the disturbance.

The attic had quite a number of empty barrels stored away in it, and, by some unknown cause,

the whole pile had tumbled to the loose floor. The next day there was a glowing account of the meeting in the different city papers, which caused quite a sensation, and multitudes flocked to the place, who were obliged to leave. Eternity alone will be able to declare all the good done to fallen humanity, during the meetings held in that cooper shop.

CHAPTER XI.

HE HEALETH ALL OUR DISEASES.

IN July, 1878, a lady had her wrist broken, by being thrown from her carriage.

She was immediately carried to the city, and placed under the treatment of a skilful surgeon, who set the bone, and treated her wrist for four weeks. When the bandage and splinters were removed, it was discovered by the physicians that the joint was perfectly stiff.

She came to my house at different times during the treatment of her wrist, and I frequently asked her if she did not believe that the Lord could heal it.

She would answer, "I don't know about it."

Then I would point her to the Saviour, and plead with her to give him her heart. She did not seem to be ready just then, but was putting it off until some future time.

At last, one Sunday in August, she came to the church which I attended, and at the close of the service, told me she was going from the church to the doctor's office, for the purpose of inhaling chloroform.

"For," said she, "my physician says that he must try to limber my wrist. He hopes that he will not be forced to break it over again."

"Well," said I, "it is terrible to think that after all you have suffered it should be necessary for you to go through as much, and perhaps more, suffering than you have already endured. Do not let him break it again! Had you not better go home with me, and remain until Wednesday, and then go to the Alton Camp-meeting, and then after that, if you must have your wrist broken, why have it done? But, by all means, go to Alton first."

She hesitated for a few moments, and then accepted my invitation.

In the meantime I was asking my Heavenly Father to teach me what my duty was in regard to her soul's salvation, also the healing of her wrist; and was waiting to hear his voice. But

all that I could see or feel for her was, to have her go to camp-meeting.

Wednesday came, and my family, this lady and myself, started for Alton. On our arrival at the encampment, we made such arrangements as were most needful to commence housekeeping. I had to do her part, owing to the stiffness of her wrist and fingers; for she could no more bend the joint in her wrist than she could the bone in her arm. This rendered her helpless, as far as work was concerned.

The next morning, after breakfast, I read the fifteenth chapter of John for our lesson. While I was reading the seventh verse, in particular I said:

“There is something wonderful going to be done in this tent this morning.”

I then asked a brother to lead in prayer. While he was praying, these thoughts came to me like a whisper:

“Whatever you ask this morning shall be done;” the next thought was, “What shall I ask? that Ella’s throat may be perfectly healed of the soreness? or that I may be made stronger

physically? or that a friend, who is wandering from God, may be restored?"

Then, said I, "O, Lord, teach me what thou wouldst have me ask for!"

By this time the brother had closed his prayer. Then I began praying, and instantly her wrist was presented to my mind; and, accordingly, I asked the Lord to heal her wrist from all stiffness, and make it perfectly well. Oh! what power came upon me. My soul was filled with one flood of light, above the brightness of the sun; and I was perfectly confident that her wrist was healed.

I arose from my knees, went across the tent, touched her wrist, and took hold of her hand, just as I was prompted, and the wrist was perfectly healed; just as sound as the other. The first words that I said were:

"Do see what my dear Jesus has done!"

All in the tent were weeping and praising God for the wonderful display of his power in our midst. Then said I to her:

"Your wrist is healed on condition that you give your heart to God."

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She arose, and went to all in the encampment, and testified to the healing power of God on her wrist.

On the third morning, after family prayers, she asked us to pray that she might be converted to God. "For," said she, "I have not had one moment's rest to my soul since my wrist was healed."

We began praying for her, and had prayed only a few moments when I was startled by the screams of my youngest daughter. I ran out of the tent, only to see my darling lying on the ground, with the contents of a large teakettle of scalding hot water emptied upon her. Her screams drew a crowd. Meanwhile, I was trying to tear her clothes off, but could not; so I had to unbutton her waists, and when I succeeded in removing her clothes, she was burned to a blister. I called for some oil, had it turned on my hand, then, without thinking, took my child into the tent, knelt down, and asked the Lord to heal her of the burn. I just touched the burn with the tips of my fingers, and she instantly stopped screaming, and was perfectly healed. Before I

arose from my knees, every bit of the redness was gone. I simply changed her wet clothing for dry clothes, and she ran off to play just as though nothing had happened, and never was troubled again with even any smarting or tenderness.

After this my friend found Jesus.

Several years have passed, and her wrist remains perfectly sound. The glory be to Him "Who healeth all our diseases," and took upon Himself our infirmities, and bore all our sicknesses.

In the fall of 1879, a lady came after me to attend a prayer-meeting, four miles distant. I hesitated about going, as that would be the only evening I would have to rest, for some time; but, finally, I consented, and had gone only a short distance when the enemy whispered:

"You might better have stayed at home and rested, for you will not be of any service there to-night, and no good will result from your going."

I said aloud:

"I believe there will be something wonderful done this evening;" to which my friend in-

stantly said, "Amen." During the meeting a young lady arose and testified for Jesus, in a low whisper. I wondered why the Lord would not be pleased to heal her, and, before the service closed, asked if any one could tell me why she spoke in that way. Her brother arose, and said that she had been treated by the best medical skill, and was pronounced incurable, and had not spoken a loud word for over a year, and never expected to again. I then said to her :

"Do you believe that Jesus has power to restore your voice?" She whispered, "Yes."

Said I :

"Would you use your strength and voice for Him, if he would heal you?"

She again whispered, "Yes."

"Then," said I, addressing the audience, "let us kneel and ask the Lord what his will concerning this case, is." I prayed, and then received the witness that God would restore her voice. I arose and told her to expect to be able to speak at any moment. I returned home, and was immediately called away for a week, and was unable to hear from her. During my absence,

the enemy assailed me terribly with these thoughts :

“It would have been much better for you to have said nothing about her healing in public, for it is not at all likely she will be healed, and then it would not be well for you to ever appear in that place again, for the people would never have confidence in your word.”

In a moment I discovered that it was from the Devil, and said :

“Get thee hence, Satan, for I know that her voice is restored.”

When I returned home, about the first thing that I heard was, that, on the previous Sabbath evening, the young lady for whom I had prayed, was at a prayer-meeting in the city, and testified in clear, distinct tones, of the restoration of her voice.

The result of her healing was the conversion of her infidel brother, who declared that if our God could do such mighty things as that, he would serve him.

Two years later, I saw the following account of her healing in one of our city papers :

A VOICE RESTORED BY PRAYER.

The Queer Story Related to a Palladium Reporter.

"Do you see that young woman going along the street there?" said a gentleman to a *Palladium* reporter, pointing to a rosy and good-looking girl.

"Yes; what of it?" answered the scribe.

"Oh! nothing; only that's a case of the efficacy of prayer."

"What do you mean?" said the reporter.

"I mean that Sister Carter restored that woman's voice by prayer," said he.

"How was that?"

"Well, I'll tell you. That lady is Miss Lydia Harsign. She is about eighteen years old and lives in the town of Oswego, somewhere near the Centre. Some years ago she lost her voice, and the doctors all said she never would recover it. Anyway, the fact is known in the community where she lives, that she couldn't talk above a whisper. She enjoyed fair health in other respects, I believe, and was around as usual. A year ago last winter she began to attend the meetings which Sister Carter, the evangelist, was

then holding in Oswego Town, and became deeply interested in religious subjects, and at length became converted. She was very strong and positive in her religious views and tendencies, and Mrs. Carter suggested to try the efficacy of prayer as a means to restore her voice. She consented, and Mrs. Carter prayed earnestly that her voice might be restored, and, as it turns out, effectively, for in a short time Miss Harsign completely recovered her voice, which is now as strong and useful as ever. Queer, isn't it?"

Shortly after the above-mentioned case, a lady called and told me that her sister was suffering from a fiber tumor that was considered incurable, and said :

"I think if you would go to her house and pray for her, she would be healed." I accompanied her to her sister's home, and asked the sufferer if she was resigned to the will of God. She immediately replied, "O, yes!"

We then knelt and prayed that the Lord's will would be done in her case. When we arose from our knees, she said : "The physicians have given

me up as hopeless, so God alone will get the glory."

I did not hear from her again for many months, but when I did, she was perfectly healed. All praise be to Jesus.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

THREE years have passed since the events of the last chapter, which have been strongly marked with heavy losses, great perplexity, and holy triumph. It has been the will of my dear Heavenly Father to allow me to pass through the furnace, seven times heated, for the purpose of teaching me to look to him alone for all things. All of my former life had been one of great prosperity, and although I was almost constantly on the battle-field, I knew but little of real care. I had faith, and, to a certain extent, had practised it; but now I was brought to the place where I must practise it fully.

One day a gentleman called, and told me of a heavy debt that had been contracted by one dear to me, which would, necessarily, involve my home.

“Can it be possible,” I thought, “that this is so?”

“What can it mean?”

If the gentleman had not brought such positive evidence, it would have been impossible for me to have believed him; but, after due consideration, I signed the contract that made myself and children homeless, and, after a short time, was obliged to pay bills incurred by the same party, which took all of the money I had saved to educate my children, and we were penniless, also.

When all of my means were swept from me, and I realized my utter dependence, I fell on my knees and thanked God that I still had his strong arm on which to lean, and his bosom on which I could pillow my weary head. I understood, more than ever before, the significance of these words; “In six troubles I will be with thee, and in the seventh, I will never leave nor forsake thee.”

The trials through which I had been called to pass, told their story on my physical health, which made it impossible for me to hold meetings or do work of any kind. I sometimes thought

that I might have given music lessons again, but my instrument had to go, as had my home.

Now what could I do but look to God alone for my support? One evening I was prompted to have prayers an hour earlier than usual, so I gathered my three little children around me, and as I began reading, I realized so much of the power and presence of the Almighty, that I was awed almost into silence; insomuch that I finished reading the chapter in a whisper. I think my feelings were similar to those of Moses at the burning bush; that the place whereon I stood was holy ground.

When I was praying, my eyes began to be opened to the greatness of God's strength, and the infallibility of his word, and as the revelation continued, I seemed to sink deeper into his word, and farther and farther out of sight of all my cares and surroundings, until all that I could see was, that faith in the promises of God would cover every need of my life without an exception.

Why! in it, I had the promise of a home, schooling for my children, clothing, physician,

and, in fact, more than I could enumerate, were I to try. As the Holy Spirit made the application, I shouted: "Hallelujah! I'm a King's daughter; for my Father *shall* supply *all* my needs according to *His* riches in glory."

My confidence in God was unshaken, although at times it was closely tested. After I began living by naked faith in the promises of God, the enemy suggested:

"Now it won't be necessary for you to lay aside a tenth of what you receive, since you trust in God for everything, and you see if you don't you have nearly enough money to pay your rent, that will soon be due."

I thought the matter over, and opened my Bible to Malachi iii: 8. — "Will a man rob God?" which settled the question, and I laid aside the tenth as I had formerly done, and, when my rent came due, I had more than enough to pay it. I can say, from experience, that ninety cents on a dollar goes farther, after the tenth is laid aside, than the hundred would held in disobedience.

One day it was growing very cold, and there

was every evidence of an approaching storm. I had asked the Lord to send me some fuel, as I had only enough to last that day; but, when night came, I had received neither fuel, nor money with which to purchase any. After I had retired, this passage of Scripture came to me: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." Then the enemy whispered:

"That means that you will all have to freeze to death."

I burst into tears as I thought of my innocent little children, and then I prayed:

"Dear Heavenly Father, don't let my little darlings freeze, even if it is thy will for me to." In a few moments this passage of Scripture came like a soothing balm:

"Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning;" and I fell asleep with those comforting words in my mind. I had been awake only a few moments in the morning, when I heard a noise at my kitchen door. I arose and looked out of the window, and, behold!

there was a man unloading a load of stove-wood. I said: "Praise the Lord, O my soul!" How wonderfully this did strengthen my faith!

As the weather became more severe, it seemed almost impossible to keep warm by a wood fire, and I asked my Heavenly Father to send me some coal so that I could have a fire in my sitting-room.

About four o'clock, one afternoon, I took my Bible and opened to the eleventh chapter of John; and while I was reading the fortieth verse, "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" I received the evidence that my coal was coming, and I exclaimed:

"My coal is coming! my coal is coming!"

In a few moments I saw a coal wagon stop in front of my house, and a man came to the door and asked if that was where Mrs. M. Carter lived. I told him that it was.

"Well," said he, "where will you have this coal?" I told him, and, before dark, I had a ton of coal in my coal-bin, and a hot fire in my sitting-room. A few days later I learned who

sent the coal. A stranger to me, went into his sitting-room, and, as he was warming his hands by the warm fire, said to his wife :

“How good this does feel ! I wonder if Mrs. Carter has any.”

She replied : “The way to know is to go to the coal office and order her some coal.”

He did as she advised him, and was used in the hands of God to answer my prayer. When I repeated my petition for coal that morning, the enemy whispered :

“What is the use of your asking for coal until this terrible storm is over. You know that no one would deliver coal such a day as this.” I recognized his voice, and said :

“The Lord can use this very storm to send me my coal,” and you see that he did. I will now give an extract of what I wrote in my journal a few days later :

“My children’s shoes and rubbers are in a very bad condition, and I am sure that my dear Heavenly Father will be pleased to let them have some new ones. I have asked him for them and expect them.” Later on I wrote :

“This evening a lady and gentleman called, and, before they left, some others called; and when they were about to go, they left money enough in my hand to more than buy my children’s shoes and rubbers. Praise the dear Lord! I tell no one but God of my needs, so he always gets the glory.” At another time I wrote in my journal :

“I awoke this morning praising God for his goodness to me, although I knew that I had only enough provisions to last for to-day; but I have made a draft on the store-house of my Father, and expect all that I need, because he supplies all my needs according to his riches.”

About eleven o’clock, nine of my friends from Oswego Centre, came to take dinner with me, and one of the ladies said :

“We thought that we would bring our dinner all cooked, because we would get here too late for you to prepare for so many.”

The dinner consisted of chicken pie, ham, beef, bread, butter, pickles, pie, cake, honey, and a variety of fruit, besides two bushels of vegetables. We had a very enjoyable time, and there was

enough food left to last for a number of days. Who is like my God !”

I will now copy what I wrote in my journal a few weeks later :

“ This morning I felt very much impressed to send some of the provisions that my Father has sent me, to my washer-woman, who has an insane husband, and is very poor.”

I had perfect rest about sending them, and after they were all ready for Belle and Ella to take on their hand-sleigh, as soon as they returned from school, something said to me, “ Now you had better send a basket of coal, for some of those provisions will be of no good without a fire to cook them.” I did not get any rest in thinking of sending the coal, so I told my daughters to take the provisions, and if she did not have any coal, I would send her some. As I watched them as they went over the hill, one drawing the little sleigh, while the other steadied the bundles, I thought, “ How can I be thankful enough for such daughters ? ” When they came home, their little faces were radiant with delight as they told me all about their call.

They said that when they arrived there, she was washing, while the tears were streaming down her cheeks ; but when she lifted the bundles from the sleigh, her face lighted up, and when they told her that they were for her, it grew still lighter ; and, when she opened them, and found them to contain flour, butter, meat, potatoes, apples, and a pair of shoes for herself, she burst out crying, and said :

“How can I be thankful enough ! O, you dear little children, do you know that your coming over here to-night, in all this storm, has saved my children from going to bed hungry ? I cooked the last thing that I had in the house for their dinner, and I was crying because they had asked me for something to eat, and I could give them nothing ; and the shoes are just in time, for you see I have only these old rubbers. Tell your dear mamma that she is always so thoughtful ; and perhaps it would rest her mind to know that the city has sent me half a ton of coal.”

She then kissed them and said : “Bless your dear little hearts ! I shall never forget you, and I am sure the Lord won’t.”

It was a very clear lesson to me, that when we are obeying the Lord, we have perfect rest ; but when we are walking as he would have us, and a suggestion comes that causes unrest, it is always from the adversary.

I will now copy from my journal in February :

“ Belle and Ella came home from school this noon, feeling very badly. They did not tell me the cause, but I overheard their conversation in the dining-room. Belle said :

“ ‘ When we see them eating candy at school, we will turn and go right away ; then we won’t want some so bad. Don’t let mamma know anything about it, for she can’t get us any.’

“ ‘ But,’ suggested Ella, ‘ we can ask the Lord for some ;’ and down they both knelt, and asked the Lord to send them some candy, if it was his will, for they did want some so much. I went into the parlor to dry my eyes, so that they would not see that I had been shedding tears, and when they came to kiss me before they went to school, their faces were as bright and happy as they could be. During the afternoon a lady called,

and asked me if I would accept a box of candy for my children. I then told her what I have just related, and she said, with tears in her eyes :

“ ‘About the time that your daughters were praying, I was prompted to buy the candy.’ ”

“ When Belle and Ella came home from school they had a paper of choice candy that a lady gave them where I sent them with a message to deliver after school. When I handed them the box, too, they gave very significant glances at each other, and then told mamma all about it. What a school for my children to be trained in ! Their faith in God is as unwavering as mine ; and if they notice that the coal or wood, or flour, or anything essential, is nearly gone, before I do, they ask boldly, and largely, of their Heavenly Father.”

On the seventeenth of May, I wrote the following in my journal :

“ It is a very cold, damp day, and I only had wood enough to last until afternoon. After I had put the last piece in the stove, I went into the parlor and laid down. I fell asleep, and when

I awoke, it was much later than I expected, so I went out into the kitchen, and, to my surprise, there was a hot fire with two cheery faces before it. I said :

“ ‘ Why, darlings ! what does this mean ? I did not know that any one had called.’ ”

“ Belle said ; ‘ Neither did we.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, what *does* this mean ? ’ I persisted. ”

“ ‘ Well, if you will just sit down, we will tell you all about it,’ said Ella. I sat down and she began :

“ ‘ Belle and I got a letter from a lady in Brooklyn, and there was enough money in it to buy our wood, and we took the money that we expected to get slippers with, and bought a poor woman some coal, so that she could be warm too.’ ”

“ ‘ And have you done all of this since I laid down ? ’ I asked. ”

“ They both replied :

“ ‘ Yes’m.’ ”

“ I drew them to me, and we knelt and thanked God for his watch-care over us, and I concluded with, ‘ and I do thank thee, dear Jesus, for such comforting daughters.’ ”

The next afternoon I received a box from Brooklyn, containing clothing and books for Belle and Ella, and toys for Ray. I had been having the parlor and front hall cleaned, and had been unable to have the carpets put down. In the night, at one o'clock, I was awakened by the noise of footsteps on the stairs. I listened, and thought that the children must be wandering around in their sleep, so I got up, and went to the head of the stairs, but in an instant discovered that they were the steps of a man. I immediately went into my room and locked the door, and after I had lighted the lamp, whispered to my daughters :

“Don't make any noise, children, but get right up and dress, for there are robbers in the house.” They did as I told them, and we all shook like leaves before the wind.

Belle said : “Mamma, let us pray.”

We did so, and as I was praying, I heard these words as distinctly as though some one had spoken them to me : “Stand still, and see the salvation of God ;” also, “Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.” Imme-

diately all fear left us, notwithstanding we could hear the thieves tumble over the unsettled furniture in the parlor, try the windows, and fearlessly walk from room to room. Belle said :

“Mamma, all of our books and nice things that we got yesterday will be gone. Won’t that be too bad?”

I told her that the Lord could take care of everything down-stairs as well as he could of us. At half past two the noise ceased, and we laid down and slept until five. When we awoke, we went down-stairs, and what a deserted looking place we found it. All of the doors but one were standing wide open, one window had been taken entirely out, and the furniture in the sitting and dining-rooms looked greatly confused. After we had looked around, we thought of our box, and I looked under the table where I had shoved it the night before, and it was just as we had left it. We have never discovered that anything was taken, not even my port-monnie that lay on the sitting-room table, which contained the month’s rent. Very likely they came after the box, but, praise God, they didn’t find it. The contents of

the box were just what was needed, for my children were in great need of spring and summer clothing.

One day Ella brought a colored girl home from school with her and said :

“Mamma, can't you give this poor little girl something to wear?” I looked at the child and saw that her cloth shoes were far worse than none, and that her dress was not much better, and said :

“Why, certainly ; if you are willing to divide your wardrobe with her.”

“That is just what I meant,” she said ; so I got out two suits of clothing for the orphan child, and they just fitted her ; also a pair of shoes, of Ella's, and some stockings. When she was dressed up, and I asked her to look in the mirror, she said :

“I never looked so nice before in my life. I don't think mammy will know me.”

I noticed that her hat was very shabby, but I did not say anything about it, for I wanted to see if Ella would mention it. She did not mention it then, but in a few days brought home one that

the poor child called her "best," and asked me if I would trim it for her. I told her that I would, and after she had gone to school, I colored and trimmed it, and made it look quite nice. Before Ella took it home, she said :

"Mamma, don't you think she will look good enough now to go to Sunday-school?"

I replied : "Yes, dear," and on the next Sunday they walked hand in hand to church.

The life of perfect trust in God grows more beautiful every day ; and I would not exchange places with a millionaire. I wish it were possible to make others understand how beautiful it is not to have any anxiety about anything. Some may think it sounds reckless to say that there is no anxiety ; but if you had a friend you loved better than you did yourself, who had never caused you to doubt his word — and that friend should ask you to entrust something to his keeping, you would not be fretting, or feeling anxious, lest he should break his promise. Now, since the people of this earth are fallible, and we know that the God of the universe is infallible, why should we hesitate to trust him im-

plicitly? When my food was all gone, so that I did not know where the next meal was coming from, I did not feel anxious, for I could only eat one meal at a time, if I had ever so much, and the Lord never failed to send the next. This may seem strange to some of my readers, but it is true of those who meet the condition in John xiv: 7.—“If ye abide in me, and my word abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you;” also, First John v: 14, 15, “And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us: And if we know that he hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.”

The question may arise, “How can the word abide in us, and we in the word?” We must remember that the Son and the word are synonymous; therefore, to have the word abide in us, implies cleansing from all sin, so that “where sin did abound, grace doth much more abound.” It is utterly impossible to have perfect faith in the promises of God, until God has the perfect control of us. In the Old Version we read: “What

things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." But the New Version renders it : "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them." I do not wish to assert, that we are to be idle when we are able, and have the work to do ; but if our needs exceed our means, we may ask, and it shall be given.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW LITTLE RAY WAS HEALED.

ONE evening while I was at a prayer-meeting that a poor society held in a hall, a gentleman arose and said that they would like a liberal collection, for their pastor was greatly in need of help. I thought to myself, "If I had any money, I would give it to him." At the close of the service, as I was shaking hands with the people, fifty cents was left in my hand. I walked to the front and gave it to the treasurer. Before I was half-way home, the enemy said :

"What an inconsistent thing you have done ! Didn't you know that you would need that money to buy bread for your children ?" I asked the Lord to show me if I had done wrong, and this passage of Scripture came to me : "The liberal soul shall be made fat ; and he that watereth *shall* be watered also himself."

At our family devotion the next morning, I opened to these words: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whither shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." My faith was greatly tested before the deliverance came, for on the following Saturday morning we had eaten all that we had; but before the day was over, I received one barrel of flour, several bushels of apples, sweet turnips, cabbages, quinces, butter, sugar, rice, oatmeal, one gallon of oysters, two pounds crackers, one pie, doughnuts, ten pounds of beef, one apron, three pairs of buckled arctics (worth four dollars and eighty cents), five dollars worth of groceries, and eight dollars and ninety cents in cash. Did I cast my bread upon the water in vain? As my health slowly improved, I occasionally accepted the invitations to preach near home.

In September, 1881, my dear little Ray became very ill with cholera infantum. Everything that could be done seemed to have no effect whatever

upon the disease. He was rapidly sinking during Sunday, September twenty-fifth. Our voices were often hushed to a low whisper, as we had occasion to pass through the room where our darling lay. While my hands were busily engaged caring for him, my heart was almost constantly uplifted to God for guidance. At noon he was so very low that he could not turn his own head or lift his hands. I did not seem to have any liberty in prayer; but a great peace filled my soul. All that I could say was, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

My heart began to tremble a little, at the thoughts of an appointment for me to preach that evening at Oswego Centre, four miles distant. I wondered if it would not be right to decline when the carriage should come for me. This caused me very serious thought, and I scarcely knew what my duty was in the matter.

I did not expect to be sent for until six o'clock, and therefore looked for some symptom in the disease that would decide the case for me; but the test to my faith came at three instead of six. My friends came after me, and at that early hour

were in such haste they could wait only long enough for me to get ready. It was a severe trial to my faith. I breathed a silent prayer, asking my Heavenly Father not to let me make a mistake ; then these thoughts came with power to my soul :

“If this child should die during my absence, I am sure that he would be safe with my blessed Saviour ; and if I should not go and preach the Gospel this evening, more than a score of souls might be lost forever.”

My human judgment would have said, I must not go ; but these words, which had been impressed upon my mind for several days — “Stand still and see the salvation of God” — helped me to decide to go.

I left directions with my daughters, gave one long look at my darling boy, and tearfully turned away. I did not feel inclined to talk while going. Arriving at Mr. Goodnow's, where I was to remain until time for evening service, I met some of the friends who always managed to be there when it was known I was to be, for the purpose of conversing with me on Scriptural

topics. After we had talked a little and had been to tea, there was such an impression came upon me to pray, that I said to those with whom I was conversing :

“ I don't know what I am to ask for, but I must pray.”

We all knelt, and I asked the dear Lord to teach me what he would be pleased to have me ask for ; and in an instant my precious little Ray was presented to my mind, and, with boldness, I carried his case before the Throne. Oh, what power came upon me ! What liberty I received in prayer ! How the Holy Spirit did help me to claim healing for my child at that moment !

I arose from prayer perfectly satisfied that my child was well. I went to the place of worship, conducted the evening service, which proved to be one of great power, and was not troubled, for one moment, about my dear little boy.

At the close of the service I was driven rapidly to my home. On my arrival I went to my room, opened the door, entered, and looked toward the bed, where I saw my little Ray, not pale with disease, gasping for breath, but filled with new

life. As soon as he saw me, he said, "*Mamma, mamma!*" and came creeping, kicking, laughing, and with health stamped on every feature, and met me at the foot of the bed.

I took the little darling in my arms, and asked his sisters when he began to amend. They said, at six o'clock (the very hour I was led to pray for him) he revived, and had been growing better ever since.

He was perfectly restored; and thus the Lord verified his word: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

As I visited the destitute, and saw that their needs were supplied, it did not relieve me of the burden for souls that I had.

One Sunday morning, while in church, I felt that the Lord wanted me to go in search of the fallen women of our city. At first, it seemed as though I could not do it; but when I was positive that was what the Lord wanted me to do, I started forth, feeling that no harm would befall me in the dens of iniquity. I was treated with respect by all on whom I called, and when I

would tell them that Jesus loved them, and wanted to save them, they would invariably say :

“Do you think that Jesus loves us yet? Are we not too vile?”

I think that if I had never dressed plainly before, I certainly should after doing that kind of work. Just think of our respectable ladies adorning themselves like such common characters! There should be a distinction between us and them. One of the worst women in the city, whom I always found dressed in silk, with a diamond necklace and ear-rings, long gold watch-chain, and no less than five rings on her fingers, said to me :

“Mrs. Carter, I believe that you come to us because you love our souls ; but I believe that the other ladies who have called only come to exhibit their finery, and tell us how bad we are, and I would never listen to them.”

During my calls I came across a young girl that was very sick. Her mother said :

“When Alice was a baby, she was very sick, and the doctors had given her up. One after-

noon I thought that she was dying, and I knelt and prayed to God, 'You *must* spare my baby. I can't let her die! I'll suffer anything from her! if you will only let her live.' God did let her live, and she is breaking my heart."

Had that fair babe died seventeen years before, she would have been safe with Jesus; but God answered the rash prayers of her mother, who lived to see that daughter one of the most common prostitutes that walked the streets of that city.

As I continued working among the fallen, my heart throbbed with pain to see so many young girls living such lives of degradation. Can we mothers be too careful in training and advising our daughters? Is the time wasted that we take to instil the truth into their minds?

After I had been doing this kind of mission work for some time, I saw the need of a shelter for those that wished to reform, and said the same to Rev. F. H. Beck, my pastor, and asked him to present it at the ministers' meeting. He did so, and a shelter was provided, a matron secured, and many of the fallen rescued; and

to-day it is in a prosperous condition, with a city missionary.

I accepted a call from Rev. Mr. Travis to hold a series of meetings in the Master Street Church, Philadelphia, Pa., and on the twenty-first of February, 1882, preached my first sermon in that city. The Lord greatly blessed my labors while there, and many were born into the kingdom of God.

Before I left the city I visited the United States Mint. It is very interesting to see how the coin is made. It is first melted and run into moulds, and formed into nuggets ; then rolled, and cut into pieces of the size the coin is going to be ; and last, but not least, is put through the process that polishes and puts the impress upon it. While I was watching the process, I could not help thinking that thus our Heavenly Father purifies and moulds us before the impress of the Holy Spirit can be stamped on every feature of our lives. The process is not always pleasing, humanly speaking, but it is the only process that makes us current for Heaven.

I next visited the Zoölogical Gardens, Horti-

cultural and Independence Halls, the Institution for the Blind, East Park, and other places.

As soon as the revival closed in Philadelphia, I went to Elkton, Md., and held a series of meetings for Rev. Mr. Rose. The Lord blessed my labors in the South, and I felt thankful that he had restored me to the work of soul-saving. When I returned to the North I was very weary, for I had been on the battle-field almost constantly for five months.

The following January I held a revival near my old homestead. One evening my tall, noble brother was in the audience, and I noticed that he listened very intently to all that I said; and when I gave the invitation for sinners to find the Saviour, he walked resolutely to the altar, and claimed Christ as his Saviour. In his testimony, he said:

“Ladies and gentlemen, many of you remember when my sister was converted; and perhaps some of you are present whom I told how I tested her in her early experience. Well, I wish to say before you all, that I have not had many enjoyable hours during all of these past twenty-seven

years, for I knew that my sister was praying for me. The symmetrical Christian life always casts a reflection on the ungodly one"; and, turning to me, he added :

" Sister Millie, little did I think that when you were converted in that little prayer-meeting, led by our dear mother, that I should ever sit at your feet and be taught the way of eternal life."

I was weeping long before he had finished his testimony, for my cup was running over. I thought of our dear mother who had gone to Heaven, and how many, many times she had prayed for her boy ; and how often she had plead with him to give his heart to the Saviour ; and I wondered if she could look down on that scene and see her only boy, praising God ! Even on her death-bed she did not feel that the prayers she had offered for him for thirty-seven years, were in vain, for she still said : " The promise is unto you and to your children." He united with the church, and is a bright and shining light before the world.

October, 1883, I wrote the following in my journal : " I have asked my Heavenly Father to

let me have a new cook-stove, in which I can burn coal, and I believe that he is going to let me have it ; for he knows how tired I get trying to keep a fire of wood. I spend nearly all of my time in visiting the sick and poor, and the little time that I have at home, I feel that I ought to rest."

I will now copy what I wrote in my journal nine days later :

"About noon, to-day, a man walked into the kitchen and said :

" 'Where will you have it put ?' "

" 'Have what put ?' said I.

" 'Why, your stove, of course,' he replied. Just then two men walked in carrying a new number nine Sterling cook-stove, and said :

" 'Will we put it where the old one is ?' "

"I had recovered from the surprise sufficiently to say, 'Yes.'

"They took the old stove off to the foundry, and set the new one up in its place. After they were gone, we had a good time praising God. We did not have any coal to burn in it, but felt sure that the God who had sent the stove, would

the coal. In a few moments a man came to the door and said :

“ ‘ Where will I put this kindling wood ? ’

“ ‘ You must be at the wrong place,’ I said.

“ ‘ Isn’t your name Mrs. Carter ? ’ he asked.

“ I told him that it was.

“ ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ I am at the right place.’

“ I told him where to put it, and before that was done, a ton of coal was delivered also. By this time I thought that I would like to know who the Lord had used to accomplish so much ; and in a little while a lady called, and handed me a paper containing a list of names of some of the most prominent citizens, and others, with the amount each had subscribed toward the present. I said :

“ ‘ Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.’ ”

In the following November I accepted a call from the Rev. Mr. Merrifield to North Western, N. Y. I held the first revival for him at North Stuben, another point in his charge, and many were born into the kingdom. Before the meetings closed a gentleman came to me, and said :

“Mrs. Carter, I am very sorry you are going to hold meetings at North Western, for it is such a hard place that nothing can be done, and it will be such a disgrace to you.”

I thanked him for his sympathy, and said :

“If God is too feeble to manage North Western, I am willing to bear the disgrace.”

When the meetings closed at North Stuben, Brother Merrifield deemed it advisable to have a week's rest before commencing at North Western; so, while the others were resting, I accepted a very urgent call, from the pastor, to the Forrestport Methodist Episcopal Church.

I preached for him at Alder Creek and Forrestport for one week, with success, and then commenced at North Western. My audiences were large and attentive, and I had some liberty in speaking, but during the first four weeks of the meetings there were only eighteen converted. I became desperate concerning the work, and one Saturday evening, at the opening of the service, I knelt, and silently told the Lord that I was not satisfied with large congregations alone; that I must have souls; and that, if I was in his

order in being there, that there would be an unmistakable demonstration of his power in our midst. When I arose from my knees, I felt confident that the will of the Lord would be done.

God gave me great liberty in fearlessly declaring his truth, but, at the close of the sermon, no one responded to the invitation to find the Saviour. I then asked the Christians to come forward and pray. The altar was filled, and we had not been praying over five minutes when such a realization of God's power came upon us, that I looked up to see what happened, and I saw two men leading a stalwart man who was groaning and agonizing on account of his sins, to the altar, where he fell on his face, and begged God to forgive him. In about five minutes he tremblingly arose, and testified to the wonderful power of God to save. He was one of the most influential men in the place, and many said that, if such a good, moral man as he could be under such conviction for sin, there must be something in religion. The meetings continued to increase in interest, and many were converted at each service.

At different times during my work at North Western I talked with a rumseller, and urged him to give his heart to the Saviour, but he paid little, if any, attention to what I had said. One day he said to a gentleman :

“I should think Mrs. Carter had howled around here long enough. I think she had better go home.”

Of course he did not like to have me in the place, for I was injuring his business.

After I had closed the revival meetings, and the people saw that North Western was not too hard for God to manage, and I had said “good-by” to the scores of converts, I went to Lee Centre, to assist Rev. Mr. Simpson in his church. I had been there about one week when I saw an account in the *Rome Sentinel*, of the death of the rumseller with whom I had conversed while at North Western. The paper stated that he died from a stroke of paralysis. Little did that man think that he was trifling with the Holy Spirit for the last time. Do you think that I was sorry I had dealt faithfully with his soul?

The work at Lee Centre was one of great

power, and the Lord gave me many precious trophies. The grand old hills and valleys in that section of Oneida County were made to resound with shouts and songs of praise, and many family altars were erected, and homes made happy, by the transforming power of the Holy Spirit.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HUNDRED-FOLD.

WHEN I returned home, after the five months' campaign, I did not take time to rest, and, consequently, on the first day of July, had a stroke of apoplexy. As soon as I became conscious, and realized my dangerous condition, I asked the Lord to speak to me, and immediately these words came to my mind: "Stand still, and see the salvation of God."

I did not know whether my Father was going to take me home, or let me remain with my children; but I could say: "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done." I gradually kept growing worse, until I could not bear the faintest noise. I again asked the Lord to speak to me, and these words were given: "This sickness is not unto death, but to the glory of God." I believed the Lord

without a doubt, although I was getting no better.

All that could be done was done, but to no purpose until the Lord spoke to me in these words: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance." On the strength of these words, I went into the country, and remained two weeks, during which time I rapidly improved, and on the sixteenth of September started for Cambridge, Mass., to pay a visit to a friend.

My friends thought that the change of climate would benefit me very much, but I felt so poorly that, had I not heard the Lord speak to me, "Fear not, for lo, I am with you," I would not have attempted the journey. I arrived in Cambridge on Friday morning, the 17th, and found myself much less fatigued than I expected.

On Saturday I received a very pleasant call from Rev. Mr. Higgins, pastor of the Cottage Street Methodist Episcopal Church. He wished to engage me to hold a revival in his church, which I promised to do, if the Lord restored me

sufficiently. The following Monday, I attended a meeting held for the promotion of holiness, in Wesleyan Hall, Bromfield Street, Boston. It refreshed my soul very much, for the unity of spirit, and many testimonies of Christ's power to save from all sin, made it seem more like heaven than earth ; and as often as it has been possible, I have attended them ever since.

On the evening of the 20th, I commenced the revival in the Cottage Street M. E. Church, which lasted for ten weeks, during which time many precious souls were brought to the Lord.

Brother Higgins deemed it advisable to hold no services on Thanksgiving Day, which perplexed me very much ; but when I prayed about it, all the word that I could get was : " Ye shall hold your peace ; " also, " All things work together for good to them that love the Lord."

I was very willing to hold my peace, and, as you will see in the following pages, it worked for my good.

I accepted an invitation to preach at the Ruggles Street M. E. Church, Boston, on Thanksgiving Day, and seven were brought to the

knowledge of the saving power of our blessed Saviour.

At the close of this service, a gentleman invited me to attend a holiness meeting in the city of Newton, Mass., at the residence of James H. Earle, on the following Thursday evening. I did not answer him definitely, then, but promised to pray over it.

When I left Oswego I only intended to remain in Massachusetts four weeks; but since I had decided to close the meetings at Cottage Street on the following Sunday evening, and, after earnest entreaties, had promised to remain in Cambridge two weeks to rest, I decided to attend the meeting in Newton.

On Thursday morning I was so sick that I could not sit up, and kept growing worse until nearly noon, when this passage of Scripture came very emphatically to my mind: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Just then my friend came to my room, and I said:

"Jennie, I believe Satan is trying to hinder me from going to Newton, and I am going to get up."

I had no sooner stepped on the floor than I was instantly healed. Praise the Lord !

After I had arrived at Deacon Earle's residence, and had taken my seat in the front parlor, Mrs. Earle came to me, and said :

"Mrs. Carter, the leader usually sits in the back parlor."

"Am I to lead the meeting?" I asked.

"We expected you would," she replied.

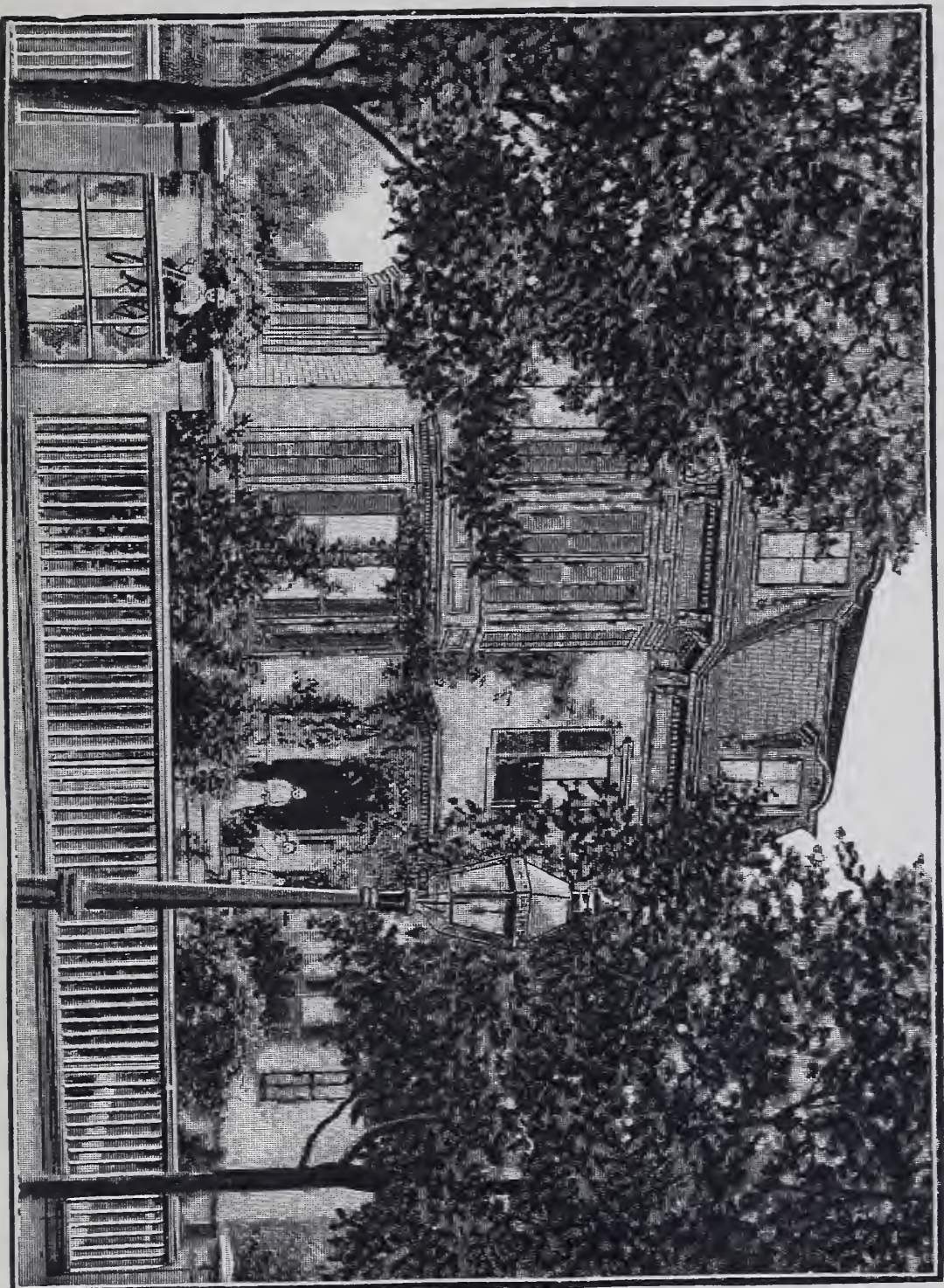
I changed my seat, and Mr. Earle came to me, and said :

"Will you lead the meeting this evening, Mrs. Carter?"

I told him that I would.

The Holy Spirit was present in great power, and six were forward for heart purity.

I returned to Cambridge that evening, supposing that I was going to rest for a few days, but on the following Saturday received a call from the pastor of the Ruggles Street Church, Boston, who desired me to assist him in his church. I dared not answer him in the negative then, but promised to pray over it, and let him know the next day. I did so, and decided to assist him



HEADQUARTERS OF THE GOODWILL MISSION AT THE
RESIDENCE OF JAMES H. EARLE.

one week, and then start for home. At the first service souls were saved, and continued to be as long as the meetings lasted.

The second day that I was in Boston I attended the Tuesday afternoon service at Dr. Cullis' church. At the close of the service, a lady from Newton came to me, and said that she had been requested to come to that meeting for the express purpose of inviting me to lead the meeting at Deacon Earle's, on Christmas evening.

"For," said she, "we feel that the time has come for some one to begin a revival there, and that you are the one."

I told her that if the Lord wanted me in Newton, I would go, and that I would write her my decision.

When I left her, I thought to myself:

"Is it possible that I cannot go home after I am through at Ruggles Street? What does this mean? Dear Heavenly Father, wilt thou speak to me by thy Word concerning my stay in this State?"

Immediately these words came to my mind:

“The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.” I silently said.

“Yes, blessed Jesus, thou hast, and shalt have, the ordering of my steps, whether it is to remain in Massachusetts (as great as the cross will be), or to go home, and spend Christmas with my children.”

God alone knew the full meaning of that consecration. I felt confident that the Lord wanted me to preach at Deacon Earle's, and I wrote a letter to the lady that invited me, to that effect.

On Christmas Day we held an all-day service at Ruggles Street, and Rev. Joshua Gill, of the *Christian Witness*, preached in the afternoon. During his discourse he touched the hundred-fold that the Lord had promised to those that obeyed him. Said he, “We shall have a hundred fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters,” etc.

I had never before understood the meaning of that Scripture, and I shouted for joy. All of the sadness that I had felt on account of not being with my family that day left, and had I not a right to shout?

In the evening I preached in Newton, with considerable liberty, and several came forward for prayers. Deacon Earle asked me if I would preach there again on Saturday evening, and Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. I told him that I would. The meetings were very powerful, and when I was invited to remain during the following week, and preach nightly, I could only say, "Yes;" for the Lord had wonderfully sealed each service by saving precious souls.

On Monday morning, December 29th, great power came upon me while I was reading Jer. vi., 26-28: "O daughter of my people, gird thee with sackcloth, and wallow thyself in ashes: make thee mourning as for an only son, most bitter lamentation: for the spoiler shall suddenly come upon us. I have set thee for a tower and a fortress among my people, that thou mayest know and try their way. They are all grievous revolters, walking with slanders: they are brass and iron; they are all corrupters."

I did not know just what this Scripture meant to me, but I felt that it was a voice of warning,

and I asked the Lord to prepare me for anything with which I might be called to contend.

It may be well, before I proceed with the description of the work, to say that the Lord must have guided the architect in drawing the plans for Brother Earle's house, for it is so arranged that the large hall, the parlors, and the dining-room can, by sliding doors, be thrown into one auditorium, thus enabling the audience to see the speaker, who stands in the back parlor. Brother and Sister Earle dedicated their beautiful home to the Lord as soon as it was built, and it still remains upon the altar.

The meetings continued every evening, with increasing interest, and the ingathering of souls caused many to marvel. Some said that it was impossible to enter a store in Newton, or pass a group of people in the street, without hearing something about the meetings at Deacon Earle's, and Mrs. Carter, the lady preacher.

After I had been in Newton three weeks, my health began to fail, and I had every symptom of a second stroke of apoplexy. Notwithstanding my extreme prostration, I preached every even-

ing. January 21st I became so weak that I said it would be utterly impossible for me to attempt to preach that evening, unless the Lord performed a miracle of healing in my behalf. I was so weak at tea-time that dear Sister Earle had my food brought to the library for me.

As the time for service drew near, and I was wondering what I should do, this Scripture came to me: "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."

"Well," thought I, "that sounds as though I will have to preach to-night."

Just then Brother Earle came to the library, and said that there were two ministers present, and that perhaps the Lord would be pleased to excuse me for that evening. I told him to ask one of them to open the service, and I would ask the Lord to make my duty very plain.

After he left the library, I asked the Lord to give me my text, if it was his will for me to preach that evening. It was instantly given; but the next thought was, that if I attempted to go down stairs, I would have another stroke of apoplexy.

Immediately these words came to my mind : “ Resist the devil, and he will flee from you,” and with them the thought that I was to resist the idea of going down to preach. I was not at all satisfied, and asked the Lord to speak to me again, and these words were given : “ Fear not, for lo, I am with you ;” and with them the thought that God was with me where I was, and that I need not go down stairs ; but it did not bring rest to my soul, and I asked for another passage of Scripture.

I had become so confused, owing to my physical weakness, that I could scarcely understand anything, and I cried :

“ Dear Heavenly Father, ‘ don’t let me be deceived ! ”

In a moment these words came very emphatically to my mind : “ They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.”

I was still dissatisfied, and after I had asked for just one more, these words came as a strong rebuke : “ O ye of little faith ! ”

I then saw that the enemy had been misinterpreting the Word to me, and while great shame

filled my heart for having listened one moment to his subtle suggestion, I arose and said :

“Lord, I will go and preach to this hungry people.”

Just then Brother Earle came to the library, and said that he thought I would have to go down, for the people had been praying for me. When I started to go down the stairs, I was so weak and dizzy that I could scarcely stand alone, but before I had spoken five minutes, the power of God went through me like a shock of electricity, and I was well. Praise the Lord !

Many were converted that night, and when the meeting closed I was quite rested. Had I taken the first promise that God gave me, and gone down stairs without thinking of my physical weakness, I would have been healed without being so powerfully tested.

On the following Sabbath the enemy was around, as usual, with his advice, and suggested to me “that since the Lord had healed me, he did not want me to be presumptuous, and preach twice that day ; preaching that morning would

be all that would be required of me, and then I could remain in my room, and rest."

I asked the Lord to speak to me by his Word, and I heard these words, as distinctly as though a person had spoken them to me, with particular emphasis on the verb-transitive: "They that wait upon the Lord shall *renew* their strength," and I exclaimed:

"Why, that means that I shall be stronger at the close of the service than when I began. Ah, Mr. Satan, you are conquered this time, for my blessed Saviour has my body in his hands, and will impart all the strength that I need."

The afternoon service began at half-past three, and was one of the most powerful that I ever attended. We found no place to close it until nine o'clock. During that time there were nine converted, and a number sanctified. Among the number that were converted was a young man, who said in his testimony that he had been one of the most profane men that ever lived.

"And," said he, "I am afraid I cannot lead a Christian life, for I have such a temper."

Said I :

“Dear brother, Jesus died to purchase a perfect cleansing from temper, and all inbred sin. Will you ask him to cleanse you now ? ”

He knelt, and prayed :

“Dear Heavenly Father, cleanse me from all sin, and sanctify me wholly, so that I will not get mad under any provocation, and thou shalt have all the glory forever. Amen.”

In a few moments he jumped to his feet, and shouted :

“Glory ! glory ! glory ! God has not only pardoned, but has wholly sanctified me ! ”

He staggered under the mighty power of God, and his face shone with the glory that he felt within.

When his shop-mates learned that he was a Christian, they tantalized him in the most cruel manner. At one time they tied a rope to his limbs, and suspended him in the air, head downward, and then let him down with a crash, to see if he would get mad. At other times they tried to force him to drink liquor and to smoke ; but

amid all of their assaults he was as calm and composed as the tranquil waters, thus proving that "he is kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on God."

Do you think that I felt rewarded for not remaining in the library during that afternoon service?

The Lord manifested his divine approval of the meetings by saving many precious souls at each service.

On the following Sunday afternoon I took for my text, "Remember Lot's wife;" and when I invited the sinners to find Jesus, fourteen responded to the invitation, and, before the close, professed to find peace in Christ.

While I was praying at the altar, I felt that there were others present that would be converted before they left the house. At the close of the service, the young man whose conversion I have just related, introduced me to his parents, who were both unconverted, and while I was praying with his mother, he was praying with his father, and very soon they were both praising God with their only boy.

I then turned to a lady whom I had often implored to find Jesus, and asked her if she had not decided to yield. She replied :

“Not now ; but I will next week.”

Just then her three children, who had been converted a few evenings previous, came to her, and said :

“Yield now, mamma, yield now !”

She could not resist their tender pleading, or say a word that would cast a shadow over their bright faces, but yielded herself to God. It was very touching to see the three children kneeling beside their mother, asking God to forgive her of her sins.

When I arose I noticed that some brethren had six more on their knees in the dining-room, all of whom, I trust, were converted.

In a few moments a little boy came to me, and said :

“Mrs. Carter, I want to be a Christian, too.”

I prayed with him, and he prayed for himself, and accepted Christ for his Saviour.

After I had sat down for a few minutes to rest, two young men came to me, and asked me to

pray for them, which I did, and one of them was converted.

At the close of that service there were twenty-five who professed to find peace in Christ.

CHAPTER XV.

VICTORY.

ON the seventh of March I received a letter from home, stating that my youngest daughter, Ella, was quite feeble, and that she was growing worse daily. What a perplexed condition I was in! I did not know what to do, so I waited patiently to hear my Heavenly Father speak to me. In a few moments these comforting words came to my mind: "Let not your heart be troubled." Also, "He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil befall thee." After tea, while I was sitting in the parlor, the words came very emphatically to my mind: "Stand still, and see the salvation of God."

Brother and Sister Earle and myself went to my room, and asked the Lord to restore my daughter to perfect health, if it was his will for

me to remain in this revival. Before we arose from our knees, I felt confident that the Lord was restoring my child, therefore had perfect rest concerning her. In two days I received a letter in reply to a telegram that I had sent, stating that Ella was rapidly improving, and had been for two days. Praise the Lord! What physician can excel our Heavenly One?

Some of my friends had been urging me to move to Newton, but I could not feel settled that that was the mind of the Lord concerning me, until a few days after my daughter began to improve, when I asked the Lord to speak to me concerning my farther duty in this place, and these words came very forcibly to mind: "Speak, and hold not thy peace, for no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city."

I also asked for other proofs of God's will concerning my stay in Newton, that were answered so unmistakably that I have never for a moment doubted God's leading me to this city.

I wrote to my daughters to sell nearly all of my furniture, and ship the remainder to Boston

as soon as possible. Every order was promptly executed, and in a few days I received a letter from my darlings, stating that they were all ready to start on the following Monday, for Boston.

How fast my heart throbbed as I thought of the near date that I should see my dear children! Do you wonder at it, when I had not seen them for nearly seven months?

The following Thursday I received a telegram that they needed ten dollars more before they started. I did not have the money, so I flew to my refuge, and asked the Lord to send it to me before five o'clock that afternoon, if it was his will for my children to come, and if it was not, and I had been mistaken in thinking that it was, to hinder even then.

The Lord spoke very sweetly to me in these words: "Whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, believe ye receive it, and ye shall have it."

I felt confident that the Lord had heard, and would answer my prayer. Brother Earle had already offered me the money, but his expenses for myself and the work were so constant, I wanted

this to come from some other channel. I looked at my watch, and it was then three o'clock. At just five o'clock I was summoned to the parlor, and was very cordially greeted by two ladies from Cambridge. They remained nearly half an hour, and when they were about to go, one of them handed me an envelope, and said :

“Don't consider my note of so little importance that you will lay it aside, and never open it, but preserve it well.”

After they were gone I opened the envelope, and found that it contained twelve dollars. I knelt, and thanked my kind Father for his watch-care over his weak child, and then sent my children the money.

Monday morning I received a telegram that they had started, and would arrive in Boston at 9:30 P. M. I could scarcely wait until night, for the hours never seemed to pass so slowly ; but I managed to busy myself with reading and singing and looking at my watch, and about all of the remainder of the time in wondering how near the train was to Boston.

When at last I saw them coming from the

depot, I will leave it for you to imagine how many moments passed before they were folded in my arms.

Dear Sister Earle asked the many people who wished to see my children that evening, to wait until the next day ; for they would undoubtedly be too much fatigued from the journey to care to see any more people than was necessary.

Ella was much less weary than we expected she would be, and continued to improve until she was perfectly well.

On the following Sunday morning, the meeting was one of marked power. During this service there were sixteen wholly sanctified to God, and two of the number were my own daughters !

On the twenty-sixth of March I received the following letter from Oswego :

MRS. MELISSA CARTER,

Boston, Mass.,

Dear Sister: Enclosed please find a paper containing the sentiments of our Official Board in regard to you. I take pleasure in saying that they were unanimous in the board, and also that

they were warmly endorsed by our pastor, Brother Darling. I hope they will convey to you our Christian sympathy, and cheer you in your labors for the blessed Redeemer.

Trust in God, and go forward.

Your brother in Christ,

CHESTER PENFIELD.

The paper enclosed read as follows :

OSWEGO, March 23, 1885.

At a meeting of the official board of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Oswego, N. Y., held at the church, March 23, 1885, the pastor, Rev. J. C. Darling, in the chair, the following resolutions, presented by Chester Penfield, and seconded by Manister Warts, were adopted :

Whereas, Our sister, Mrs. Melissa Carter, has been called, in the providence of God, to labor in another portion of his vineyard, and as she has been a faithful laborer while a member of our church, and is evidently called of the Master to be a standard-bearer in his cause, *therefore*, We, the Official Board of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, do most cordially recommend her to the Christian confidence of all who love the Lord,

and who desire the world to be brought to a saving knowledge of his grace.

Attest, (Rev.) I. C. DARLING, *Chairman*.

J. I. WEED, *Secretary*.

It is always with pleasant memories that I think of that dear church, and when I received the above, I breathed a silent prayer that God would always hover over that people, and pour out his richest blessings upon them.

The meetings moved steadily and mightily on, and many were converted at each service. At the close of the services, so many asked us to pray for their physical healing, that we appointed an after-service in another room, where we anointed and prayed with those who desired to have us. Sometimes there were a dozen that desired to be anointed at the healing service, and many were the testimonies of God's power to heal the body as well as the soul.

One lady who was anointed and prayed with, was restored from a disease of seven years' standing, that had been pronounced incurable by some of the most eminent physicians of New

York and Philadelphia. She said that she had only been to church three times during the seven years, and that the last two times she had fainted before the service closed. But when she heard of the faith-healing meeting at Deacon Earle's, she felt that she must come. She did so, and while we were praying for her, the Lord instantly healed her. She then spent some weeks in the city, and attended the meetings almost every evening in succession during her stay. When her husband saw what the Lord had done, he gave himself to God, and to-day they are efficient members of one of the largest churches in Boston ; living epistles of Christ's power to heal the body as well as the soul.

A boy of sixteen attended the meetings quite regularly, who was so badly afflicted with Saint Vitus's dance that it was utterly impossible for him to sit still one moment. At times his mouth would be drawn around to one side, and then his feet and arms would be thrown first one way and then another, and, in fact, his whole body was in a constant motion. One evening he expressed a desire to be a Christian, and while we were pray-

ing with him, I was led to ask for the healing of his body, and before he arose from his knees, he accepted the Lord as the healer of his soul and body.

Shortly after this, a lady brought some medicine that she had been obliged to send a long distance to procure, and said that it was a cure for Saint Vitus's dance. After earnest prayer about giving it to the boy, it was decided that we would not, so we returned it to the lady. The boy began to improve, and in a short time was perfectly restored, and to-day has not a symptom of the disease.

How Satan tried to defeat the work that the Lord had undertaken, even through the instrumentality of friends! Many people marvelled at so many being healed who were prayed with at the healing meeting. But it is not a marvellous thing for God to accomplish: it is simply taking him at his word, by faith; not *willing* yourself well, as "Christian Science" (falsely so called) would have it, but trusting yourself in the hands of God (not man) for the work to be wrought.

At the close of the Sunday morning service, May the tenth, Brother and Sister Earle and myself were sent for to pray with a young lady who was suffering intensely from spinal meningitis. She had fainted twice during the morning while being moved, and her head was drawn back so far that it was distressing to look at her, while her groans were heart-rending. We anointed her with oil, and prayed that the Lord would speedily relieve her of her sufferings, if it was his will, and then sang :

“She only touched the hem of his garment.”

When she united with us in singing, I asked :

“Does he heal you now ?”

She replied :

“I believe he does.”

In a few moments she arose, and walked into the kitchen, then came back, and, putting her arms around me, went into the parlor and sat down at the piano, and played and sang :

“’Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at his word;
Just to rest upon his promise,
Just to know, ‘Thus saith the Lord.’

“ Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust his cleansing blood,
Just in simple faith to plunge me
' Neath the healing, cleansing flood.

“ Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease ;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.

“ I'm so glad I learned to trust thee,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend,
And I know that thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.”

When we left her she was perfectly well, and at three o'clock walked a long distance to attend our afternoon service, and very powerfully told what I have just related.

How gratifying it is to have my Heavenly Father's skill and fame exalted ! and, I will say, just here, that for a number of years, neither Brother Earle's family nor mine have employed any other than the Heavenly Physician.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUTPOSTS.

NEITHER Brother and Sister Earle or myself had any plans for the work other than simply to take up, day by day, what our hands found to do. Souls were being saved continually, and so far as we were able to judge, no stopping-place could be found. The house was often so filled with people that many were obliged to go away, and I may safely say that there have been not far from one hundred and fifty Catholics, largely young men, at a service, making up, at such times, a large portion of the congregation. Some of the people urged Brother and Sister Earle to consent to organize the rapidly growing numbers and converts into a church, and asked that a special meeting be called to consider the subject.

In the meantime, our (Brother and Sister

Earle and myself) united prayers were, that God would make our duty unmistakably plain, and if it was not his will, to let the desire diminish from that moment. At the end of the week those that had been foremost in the proposition, with all of the others, had little, if anything, to say on the subject, and seemed to think no more about it, so it was very evident, as we had felt, that God did not want an organization at that time.

I do not wish to convey the idea that these meetings met with no opposition, for they, and the doctrine of holiness, were opposed by nearly, if not every church in Newton; but the Lord always vindicates his own. In the beginning of the work, we formed the converts into a simple band for mutual encouragement and watch-care, and in which they could remain until they found church homes.

In June, after so many months of daily services, we deemed it advisable to hold only two nightly services a week, as the warm weather was fast approaching, and many were going away for the season. But little time was spent in idleness,

for the remaining members of our band, and its leaders, were invited to hold services in different parts of Boston and some of the adjoining towns, which we accepted, and, we trust, many others were blessed as well as ourselves.

Our band decided to spend the Fourth of July at the charming beach, "The Point of Pines," and hold a religious service during the day. After we had made a public announcement to that effect, a lady called, and told us that it was a wild project for us to think of going to the Point of Pines to hold a meeting, for, if we were allowed to hold the service, the roughs, we might meet there, would so abuse us that we could not endure it.

We had no fear of being abused, so, on the morning of the Fourth, fifty of us started to carry the glad tidings of a risen Saviour. We arrived there in time to hold a service before dinner, and at our second service, held at half-past four, two were converted to God, and others were wonderfully helped. We had a remarkable time all day, thereby proving that the Lord honors those who honor him. It was encourag-

ing, in after months, to hear those precious souls testify of the saving power of God; and not only these were benefited, but numerous others of whom we have since heard.

A few evenings later, our band accepted an invitation from the pastor to hold a service in the People's Church, West Lynn. The service was one of great power, and twenty-four came to the altar for prayers. Praise God!

On the following Sunday afternoon, our band held an open-air service on the extensive lawns of one of its members, Mr. Henry Breck, of Newtonville. The audience of six hundred people gave remarkable attention.

We left another appointment for the following Sunday, and when we were obliged to take up the meetings on the account of the cold weather, it was estimated our audiences had numbered fifteen hundred people at a single service.

Among those who sought and found the Saviour, was a young man who had sunken so low in sin and intemperance that he was discarded by his parents, had deserted his wife with an infant son, and was considered almost beyond redemp-

tion. He ventured to hear the Word of God at the open-air service, and was so powerfully convicted for sin that he gave his heart to the Saviour, and is now living happily with his wife in a pretty little home presented to him by his father. The conversion of those two precious souls would have been ample reward for our services, if nothing else had been accomplished.

Our band accepted an invitation to hold a service at the residence of an aged lady in Waltham, which was sealed with the conversion of one soul. The dear old saint wanted us to come again, which we promised to do, and the house was so filled that we were obliged to hold the third service in Union Hall. The Lord mightily helped in the proclamation of his Gospel, and the converts told the simple story of Christ's power to save, and when we invited the unsaved to find Christ, two responded, and gave themselves to the Lord.

Our service, the next week, was very interesting, despite the attendance of a good many roughs.

The ride home in the moonlight was very

beautiful, and our notes of praise sounded over the hills and through the valleys.

Not for a moment did we even imagine that perhaps we were on the very verge of a terrible disaster, until our driver told us, the next morning, that as soon as the barge was rolled into the barn the evening before, one of the front wheels rolled off.

But if the powers of evil intended to cause us to meet with an accident that might take some of our lives, they were miraculously defeated; for our Heavenly Father was watching over and protecting us, and stayed that wheel until we were all safely at home. Satan knew that God was going to give us a victory in Waltham, and he was determined to defeat us; but, praise the Lord! he has never conquered those that put their trust in God, and he never will.

We decided, after urgent solicitations by the President of the Reform Club, and many others, to hold services in Union Hall every Sunday evening, until the Lord should direct differently. We were at our post of duty in Waltham every week for months, and many were the precious

tokens we received of God's approval of our work there.

A few weeks later an invitation was accepted to speak before the Waltham Reform Club on Sunday afternoon, at five o'clock. The Lord wonderfully helped to present the truth to many hearers, and, I trust, beneficially.

Our meetings moved successfully on, and the second service for the Reform Club was in the Congregational Church. A number of ministers were present, and made a few brief remarks, and much good seed was planted in the hearts of the hearers, which, I trust, will take root, and grow, and bring forth fruit. Just before Christmas I received many tokens of remembrance and appreciation of my disinterested labors from the people of Waltham, which I appreciated very highly.

We continued the meetings until midwinter, when we felt that the converts and more experienced Christians were strong enough to stand alone, and could occasionally report at our Newton meetings.

Little did we think when we held the little

meeting in that dear old lady's parlor, that it would terminate in a Young Men's Christian Association, which is now in a flourishing condition in Waltham, and is considered the direct outgrowth of our work there. The General Secretary of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, a leader in Association work through the State, called at Brother Earle's office at the time of the organization of the Waltham Association, and said :

“Brother Earle, I want to tell you, that Waltham Association is the direct outgrowth of your work in Union Hall.”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SURPRISE.

IN the fall of 1885, I assisted Rev. Mr. Coon at a three days' convention for the promotion of holiness, held in his church at Swampscott, Mass. The second day of the convention, Mr. Coon thought it best to have an open-air service sandwiched in between the other services of the day. The place selected for the service was at the monument, near the beach, so the speakers and singers were unprotected from the bleak winds from the Atlantic.

One of the lady singers took a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. The next morning she was unable to speak above a whisper, and the pain in her lungs almost prostrated her. She came to me, and said :

“Sister Carter, I cannot stay through the convention, for I am becoming so weak that I

fear I shall be unable to get home if I do not go at once."

"Let us go up in the auditorium," I replied, "and Sister Earle and I will pray with you."

As we were going up the stairs, the enemy whispered :

"It would have been more sensible for you to have gone in the back of the church alone with her, than to go where there are so many people ; then the disgrace of a failure would have been less."

Thus he suggested to me until we walked nearly to the altar, where we knelt. Sister Earle knelt on one side of the lady, and I on the other. I had been on my knees but a few moments, when I received the assurance that the Lord was going to heal her. When Sister Earle and I had finished praying, we sang, "All for Jesus."

I said to the lady :

"Sing, sister ; sing by faith."

She opened her mouth, and the clear, sweet strains of music she sang convinced unbelievers that Christ could heal the body as well as the soul.

She was perfectly restored to health, and instead of going home, as she had intended remained during the three weeks' revival, and, with another dear sister, who is now a missionary in South America, did a great deal of successful personal work among the people.

In the following November I assisted at a holiness convention at the People's Church, Boston, and as I saw the large altar filled with people seeking pardon and heart-purity, I breathed a silent prayer that God would let *Bible* holiness spread until it should fill the whole earth.

Brother and Sister Earle and myself accepted an invitation to conduct an evening service at the Lewis Street Mission, Boston. It is said to be one of the lowest and most degraded localities on the continent. It was a great relief, and very refreshing, to step into the clean room where the mission meetings were held, after walking a long distance, where one could see only grog-shops and groups of dirty, ragged, half-starved children, and reckless men and women.

As we stepped on the platform, I noticed a

beautiful bouquet of white flowers, with just two pinks, one crimson, and the other scarlet.

While I was admiring it, a text was given me :
“Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord ; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

The Lord helped me to use the bouquet as a powerful illustration of the text, and, I trust, to leave a lasting impression on the hearers.

When Brother Earle spoke, and invited the sinners to leave a life of sorrow and shame, and find peace and happiness in trusting Jesus, several responded, and gave up sin and degradation, and accepted Christ as their Saviour.

Brother Dee, who was then the missionary at that point, and who labored so faithfully for the Master with whom he has since gone to dwell, said many of the men who came into the mission meetings were graduates of college, and some had studied abroad, while others had been in prosperous business, with happy homes and families. But that many of them had, by the use of wine at their father's tables, cultivated the

appetite that had proved so ruinous to them, that had stolen their manhood, and caused them to pillow their aching heads on the hard street pavement, instead of resting in the cheerful room made attractive by a wife's loving hand, or a mother's careful directions.

Can we be too radical on the temperance question, or say or do anything that will help to continue the traffic that is dragging our brothers and sisters down to pauperism; that is making wives' and mothers' hearts ache, to hear their innocent little children cry in vain for bread? No! and as long as God gives me breath, I will defend and help the temperance cause.

On the evening of December 5th, Brother and Sister Earle and a large company of people of Newton and vicinity came heavily laden with presents for me. I was so surprised that I could scarcely speak, and sank down into the nearest chair.

After visiting for a little while, they turned it into a praise and class-meeting, which was beautiful and profitable. Before they left, I was presented with a purse of money, which was,

with the other gifts, very timely; for I had, no later than that morning, asked my Heavenly Father for the very things that were brought. Never will I forget the dear ones who so kindly remembered me. And may the richest blessings of God forever rest upon them, is my earnest prayer.

I had a great desire to have a piano, so that Belle and Ella might complete their musical education, and felt confident that the desire was begotten by the Holy Spirit. I did not fold my hands, and expect one to come to me, when it was in my power to see what could be done, but visited different establishments in Boston. I did not have my mind fixed on any particular make, until I heard the clear, sweet and brilliant tone of one that perfectly charmed me. The salesman was very anxious for me to purchase one, which I could not do then, but said that if the Lord opened the way for me to, I would soon.

A few days later I accepted an invitation to preach at a convention at Mystic Bridge, Conn., and when I returned home, about the first thing

that I saw was the new upright piano, which the Lord has enabled me to keep. Praise his dear name forever ! “ Surely, no good thing will he withhold from those who walk uprightly.”

During the winter months I received many calls from different parts of the United States to hold revivals, which I felt obliged to refuse. Many outside of our work wondered why I did not accept some of them, as several were from pastors of exceedingly popular churches ; but I invariably replied, when such questions were asked me :

“ Since the Lord has not given me a ‘ Thus saith the Lord,’ to accept them, my service would be of no value. The only ‘ Thus saith the Lord,’ that I have at present, is to remain in Newton, and make a raid on the fortifications of sin.”

A great many thought that I was decidedly out of the order of the Lord in doing so, but how blessed it is to realize that it is our Heavenly Father’s hand that leadeth us. Although it may be in paths that cross the opinion of many (perhaps some that are very dear to us), and that

are very undesirable, humanly speaking, yet when the human is lost in the divine will of God, and we can feel that the hand of God is in everything, it makes us to delight in the path that our Redeemer trod.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I DELIGHT TO DO THY WILL."

EARLY in the spring I accepted a very urgent call from Rev. C. J. Fowler, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Haverhill, Mass., to hold a revival for him.

While I was on the horse-car going to Boston, an aged gentleman entered the car, and as all of the seats were occupied, I gave my seat to him. In a moment a lady arose, and gave me her seat, which was next to this gentleman. He thanked me for my kindness in giving him my seat, and I improved the opportunity of asking him if he was a Christian. He said that he had followed Jesus for many years, and that he was eighty-one years of age. He seemed to be very much interested in the topic, and more so, when I sung, "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus," my favorite piece.

After I had finished singing it, he said :

"Will you please sing another piece for me ? It has been years since I have heard such singing."

I sang as he desired me, and then talked to him of Jesus until he arrived at his destination.

When I arrived in Haverhill, I was met at the station by Mr. Fowler, who accompanied me to my boarding-place. After a good night's rest, I opened my eyes and saw that the beautiful sun was shining on the snow-mantled earth, making everything appear at its best, to be in perfect harmony with the Sabbath day.

As I entered the church I was thrilled with the sweet strains of music from the choir that rendered such valuable service during my stay. After the preliminary exercises, and the pastor had introduced me to the large audience, I announced my text, in Nehemiah: "So built we the wall, for the people had a mind to work."

The Lord wonderfully helped me to declare his unadulterated truth, and several manifested a

desire to become Christians. I preached twice a day, and quite a number were converted at each service; but the break did not come until the following Sunday. I addressed the large Sabbath-school that met at the close of the morning preaching, and fifty came forward for prayers. It was as glorious a sight as I ever witnessed, and at the close of the evening service, sixty-five had professed to find peace in Christ during the day's services.

The meetings continued to grow in interest, and I had helped Mr. Fowler nearly three weeks, when I felt that I must return to my work in Newton. The converts and congregation met on Friday evening, supposing it was my last night with them, and many prayers were offered, among them a very earnest one, by the pastor, that the Lord would not let me make a mistake by going home too soon. While the prayers were being offered, I decided to stay another week with them, which caused much joy, and many declared that their faith was strengthened. I felt obliged to return to Newton, and stay over the Sabbath, which they willingly consented to

have me do, since I had promised to return to Haverhill.

The dear ones at home were delighted to see me, and seemed very anxious to have me remain at home on Monday evening, and when my children reminded me that Monday was my birthday, I decided to remain, and return to Haverhill on Tuesday, and telegraphed to Mr. Fowler to that effect. I thought that to spend my birthday with Brother Earle's family and mine would be very pleasant; but imagine my surprise when the door-bell was answered in the evening, to have a large company of people enter the parlor, laden with presents for me. We had a very enjoyable praise and thanksgiving service, and then my friends said they would give their consent for me, to return to Haverhill, providing I only remained one week.

Precious, thoughtful ones! How glad I am that I remained at home, instead of upsetting all of their plans! Then I could understand why they were so anxious to have me preach in Newton on the previous Sunday.

The meetings during the week at Haverhill

were powerful, and before I left, scores testified to the saving power of God, which was foreign to their souls before the revival meetings.

Perhaps my readers will be anxious to know the results of my singing on the horse-car, when I was going to Boston *en route* for Haverhill. I think the best way will be to copy an extract from a letter that I received from home a few days after I arrived in Haverhill. It read as follows :

“ Dear mother, little did you think that your singing in the horse-car would echo and re-echo in the various places of worship in Watertown and Newton ; but we have heard of it from many sources. The conductor that you are acquainted with, who attends our meetings regularly, gave quite a lengthy account of the trip, as it was his car that you were on. He said that many passengers inquired of him who that lady was, and said that, if it would have been proper, they would have asked for an introduction to her. He also said that many passengers rode far past their destination for the sake of hearing her sing. He did not say who the lady was until he had

related his description, and then he turned about and faced the people, and said :

" ' And, my friends, I felt honored to say to the many who asked me her name, that it was Sister Carter, who conducted the meetings at Deacon Earle's, in Newton. '

" Mother, I wished you could have heard the many ' Praise the Lords ' and ' Hallelujahs, ' when he sat down ! Of course we all had to smile at the abrupt and yet pleasing way that he closed his remarks, and, of course, I was not ashamed that it was *my* mother. "

Not for a moment did I think of the people around me when I was singing for the old gentleman, but just did as the Lord inclined me. How true this Scripture is :

" So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth ; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. "

I praise the Lord for the courage that he has given me to do his will, and I can say with the Psalmist : " I delight to do thy will, O my God ; yea, thy law is within my heart. " How glad I

am that we do not have to endure religion, but can enjoy it !

During the spring and summer my duties in connection with the work included much visitation from house to house, in Newton and Watertown, and I often started out not knowing where I should go, but trusted God to lead me. One day I met little Eva Earle, as she was coming from school, and her mother said that as soon as she got home she said :

“ O, mamma ! I just saw auntie.”

“ Did you, dear ? Where was she going ? ” her mother asked.

“ Oh ! I don’t know, and I don’t suppose that she knew herself, for you know, mamma, that she lets the Lord lead her,” was the reply.

As I walked on, I asked the Lord to direct my footsteps, and this passage of Scripture came very forcibly to my mind : “ The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.”

I had only gone a short distance farther when I found myself walking involuntarily up the walk to a tenement house. I rang the bell, which was answered by a careworn-looking mother, who in-

vited me to enter. I introduced myself, and during the conversation learned that she was a backslider. She introduced me to her daughter, who was so emaciated from the Saint Vitus's dance that she was a mere shadow. I prayed with both of them, and was led to ask for the healing of the daughter, which I did. They did not give their hearts to the Saviour, and I thought to myself, "I wonder what more I can do in this house!" and then I breathed a silent prayer that God would help me to fulfill the mission on which he had sent me.

I happened to think that perhaps there might be other families in the house, and when I called on one that lived in the upper suite of rooms in the rear of the building, I felt that it was to that family in particular that the Lord had sent me, for they were in very straitened circumstances. I found a sick mother, who was a widow, and quite advanced in years, with two daughters, and learned that the eldest daughter's husband had deserted her, and left her to support her infant child that had been crying in vain for food, and fallen asleep from exhaustion. The support of

the family rested on the youngest daughter, who had only seen seventeen summers, and served from morning until night for very scant wages.

They were all unconverted, and did not know how to trust God for what they needed. I gave them all the money I had, and felt well repaid when I saw the mother cry for joy at the prospect of having a wholesome meal. I turned their case over into the hands of our "Young Ladies' Association," which I will soon describe, and in a short time they were all converted. Praise the Lord! It always pays to obey the Lord, and trust him implicitly.

When I left the house, after being invited many times to call again, I saw a number of neglected-looking children in the street. I stopped one little boy, and asked him if he went to Sabbath-school. He looked me in the face, and very boldly answered:

"No."

Said I:

"Do you live near here?"

"Y-e-s," was the reply.

"Will you please show me where you live?" I asked.

He led me through a long alley-way, to one of the most filthy homes that I ever saw, where I found his mother and eight half-clad, filthy children. I talked with the mother, and found that she was a Catholic, and could not persuade her to let her children attend a Protestant Sabbath-school.

As I was about to leave, I noticed that another family lived near by. When I called on them, I discovered that they were Swedes. I thought that perhaps my call would be useless, but I tried my best to make them understand what I said, and then knelt and asked the Lord to bless the call, as it would amount to nothing unless he did.

I called on the Swede family again in a few days, and was a little better able to understand the few words of broken English that they spoke.

The next Tuesday evening the Swede lady came to meeting, and was powerfully converted to God, and on Sunday her daughter was con-

verted, and a few weeks later the father was converted; and in a few months the lady on whom I first called in the tenement house, came to meeting, and said that her daughter was entirely healed of the Saint Vitus's dance about two weeks after I prayed with her. The result was that the mother and her two daughters accepted Christ as their Saviour, and found peace in believing. How true it is that "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

CHAPTER XIX.

SOWING BY THE WAYSIDE.

ONE day, while I was sitting at the bedside of a young lady who was suffering from slow fever, I penned these words :

Now, Lord, thy strength impart ;
My idols shall be slain,
And thou, dear Jesus, in my heart,
Have power alone to reign.

CHORUS :

I've stepped out on the promises ;
The blood flows o'er my soul ;
I have the peace that Jesus gives,
By faith I'm now made whole.

I bow to thee alone,
My precious Saviour, King,
And humbly worship at thy throne,
And lo, for joy I sing.

CHORUS :

New light now fills my soul ;
My sins are all forgiven,
And waves of glory o'er me roll,
A sweet foretaste of heaven.

CHORUS :

A few days later, as I sat at my piano, the Lord gave me a melody for the words, which I arranged, and then laid away, asking the Lord that, if it was his will for it to be in print, that it would be called for when I felt impressed to sing it.

In September, I accepted an invitation to preach at a camp-meeting held at Rutland, Vt. The holiness camp-meeting was quite a novelty to the villagers, for it was the first one that was ever held in that community. Many attended it out of curiosity, but before they left the grounds, had in possession the pearl of great price. The meetings were grand, and I trust that much good was accomplished at each service.

I was invited to assist at a convention at Bethlehem, among the White Mountains, and was advertised for that place ; but the urgent calls for me to hold revivals multiplied on my hands,

until the gentlemen that had charge of the convention liberated me from my engagement with them, and I went to Rochester, N. H., instead, and held a revival in the M. E. Church, for its pastor, Rev. Mr. Bradlee. The revival was one of great power, and multitudes were brought to the Lord, and not a few sought and obtained holiness.

At different times during the meetings I sang,

“I’ve stepped out on the promises,”

with excellent effect. I sang it mostly at the altar service, and one Sabbath afternoon, at the close of the service, several asked me where they could get that piece. I told them that it was original, and that it was not in print.

“Well,” said the pastor, “that piece is full of salvation, and we must have it.”

“Yes,” said some that were standing near, “it was through the singing of that piece that I was led to find the Saviour.”

Others said they were wholly sanctified while singing the chorus.

What more of an evidence did I need that God wanted it printed? I sent word to Brother

Earle the next morning, and it was soon in print and was received in time to have it at my last service in Rochester.

Many have found peace in Jesus by the singing of it since it has been in print, and all the praise be to my Heavenly Father.

On Christmas our hearts were made to rejoice at the tokens of remembrance that we received from our friends, and among them was a purse of money from my friends at the Boston Monday Meeting, for which I wish to express my heartfelt thanks.

One day, when it was so cold that the thermometer was below zero, I felt impressed to call on a widow lady who lived quite a distance from me. The air was so penetrating that it chilled me through just coming from the post-office, but I decided to protect myself as best I could, and call and see if some trouble was the reason why I was so strongly impressed to call on her.

The walks were very icy, and I was becoming quite chilled before I reached her house, but this Scripture helped me on my way, "This is the way, walk ye in it." When I arrived at her house

she seemed unusually delighted to see me, and I could see no reason why I should have called until we had conversed for some time, when she said :

“ Sister Carter, I feel that I ought to tell you that I believe the Lord has sent you here to-day in answer to my prayers all of the morning. All of the fuel that I have is in the stove, and I am unable to get any more ; but I think if you would go to the deaconesses of the church of which I am a member, they would send me some.”

I told her that I would only be too glad to go, and we both knelt and thanked God that I had been sent there, and asked him to go with me, and incline the right hearts to render the needed assistance. The direction in which I was obliged to go, took me farther and farther from home, but it was on an errand for one of my Father's children, so I did not mind it.

The Lord surely was my forerunner, for I not only received an order for coal, but an order on the grocery also ; and, before the sun set that night, she had an ample supply to last for some time. When I arrived at home I was somewhat

fatigued, but was not nearly so cold as I expected to be. I could rejoice with that mother and her two little children, for I had experienced such deliverances myself.

On the last day of the old year I went to Haverhill to assist Brother Fowler in holding a watch-night service. It afforded me great pleasure to again meet the many converts and hear their precious testimonies, and to find that the work that began during the last spring was yet speaking.

In January I conducted a revival at Penacook, N. H., with Rev. Mr. Taylor, and the Lord so convicted the unsaved, that robust men would weep like children and implore the Lord to have mercy on them, which he always does have on the penitent. I had to take up the cross and refuse many urgent calls for my services, as my body was too much worn, and needed rest; for the Lord does not require any more of his children than they can do.

Some may think it strange that it is a cross for me to do so, but when I see the unsaved going headlong into perdition, and so many others that

do not take warning by their fate, but rush wildly after the world, it creates a yearning in my heart to reach out a helping hand, weak though it may be, and lead them to Jesus. I praise the Lord that it is not always necessary to be in the pulpit or prayer-meeting to find an opportunity to sow seed for our Master ; but that on the train or horse-car, or in the depot or store, there may be a little word dropped that will take root in some heart, and grow and bring forth fruit.

It was by a little word and a loving touch that the dissipated life of our lamented lecturer, Mr. Gough, was reversed ; for the little seed grew and brought forth *much* fruit.

One day while I was about my work, this Scripture was ringing in my ears almost constantly, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me." Finally I said : "Heavenly Father, teach me who is sick and where I can find them, and I will visit them."

In the afternoon I started out in search of the sick one, depending on God to direct me. After I had called at every house but one on the street, I wondered why I did not find the sick one. Of

course I did not ask the people if there were any sick in that vicinity, but simply talked to them about their souls, and prayed with them; but when I called at the last house I found the sick one.

After I had talked and prayed with the lady, and was about to leave, she said :

“I do not get out very much, for I have an invalid daughter.”

“Oh!” said I, “is this where the sick one is? May I see her?”

In a few moments I was introduced to the invalid, who welcomed me heartily. I found that she was a great sufferer, and was beyond the help of all medical skill. She was a Christian, but had questions in her mind that troubled her very much, which the Lord helped me, by his word, to settle.

In a few days I received a note from her, asking me to call as soon as I could make it convenient. When I answered the note, she said :

“Mrs. Carter, I have a confession to make to you. When I was well, and able to go to meeting, I would not go to hear you preach at Deacon

Earle's, and as soon as I was taken sick, I felt that I ought to send for you to come and pray with me, but I would not, and now the Lord has sent you to me. How glad I am that you were more obedient to the Lord than I. I am sure that the Lord sent you, for I felt ever so much better, soul and body, after you left, and I am feeling better now."

Before I left I sang for her: "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus."

After we had prayed, and when I was getting ready to leave, her mother came to the room, and said a lady wished to see her daughter, and receive an introduction to me. The lady said that while she was sitting in the parlor, she heard me singing, and instantly recognized my voice as the one that she heard on the horse-car the day that I sang for the old gentleman, and that she had desired, for a long time, to form my acquaintance. I said:

"Praise the Lord! It pays more and more every day to be true to Jesus."

One day, when I called on my invalid friend, she asked me if I would pray for the healing

of her body, if it would be the will of the Lord.

I had no sooner touched my knees to the floor than I felt confident that God would be pleased to have me ask for her healing. I had great liberty in prayer, and when I arose, I told the sufferer to expect to be restored at any time. She claimed the healing of her body by faith, and began to improve, so that in a few weeks she was able to return some of the many calls that I made her.

The last time she called on me, she put her arms around my neck, and very tenderly kissed me good-by, for she was going to spend the summer abroad.

She has written me a letter that is enough to inspire any one. Her faith in God is unwavering. She trusts him implicitly, and says that there are no desires in her heart for the follies of the world. Praise the Lord forever!

CHAPTER XX.

THE HOMELESS WANDERER.

THE fifth of March was as cold a day as I ever experienced. Just after dinner I heard a loud thump at the sitting-room window, and when I hastened to see what was wanted, I saw Daisy Earle beckoning me to look at a woman who was passing.

"Auntie," said she, "I will be in in a few moments, and tell you all about her."

I noticed that the woman was crying when she passed, and I felt anxious to know the cause of her grief.

In a short time Daisy came running up the walk, and I met her at the door. When she was seated by the fire, she began :

"Well, I will begin at the very first, and tell you all. I must hurry through, for I want to go and see which way she goes."

She pushed herself a little farther from the fire, and continued :

“She came to Aunt Julia’s door, and asked Aunt Julia if she had any work that she could do. Aunt Julia said no, but asked her to come in and get warm. She burst out crying, and said that she wished she would die that moment. Aunt Julia coaxed her until she came in, but she kept on crying so loud, and saying that she wished God would kill her, that she could be heard in the next house ; and when Aunt Julia had Elsie get her some dinner, she jumped up, and run out of the house, crying, ‘I won’t eat ! I can’t get work, and I want to die ! O Lord, do let me freeze to death !’ And that is what she was saying when she passed here.”

“Do you know where she went ?” I asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” Daisy continued ; “she went up to the Intelligence Office, and couldn’t get any work there, and when the lady offered her something to eat, she said : ‘I won’t eat ! I want to die, and the quicker the better,’ and rushed out into the street.

“I met Aunt Julia’s Ray, and we decided

we had better tell her to see Auntie Carter, and she would pray with her, and then she would find work. I was almost afraid to say anything to her, but I'll go and see where she is."

And with that Daisy rushed off, but in a few moments came back with the heart-broken, half-starved, half-frozen woman. She came in without hesitating, and took the rocker that I placed by the fire. She was still crying, and her face was much swollen, while her hands and wrists that were bare, were purple.

I tried to persuade her to have something to eat, which she would not hear to, until I said :

"Why, my dear woman, don't you know that no one will employ you if you are sick? And you certainly will be, if you do not eat something."

She commenced to relent a little, but tried to put me off by saying :

"The people are all hogs ; that's just what they are. I had lots of friends when I had money, but after they cheated me out of all of it, they did not want me."

“Have you any place to stay to-night?” I asked.

“Yes; thank God, I have the streets!” she replied.

“Well,” said I, “I will see that you shall be cared for to-night and over the Sabbath, so just come and have some dinner.”

She dried her tears, and ate a hearty dinner, and then said :

“I have not eaten anything since yesterday morning. I only had to walk five miles to get here. Some people told me to come here, for I could get lots of work; but there are just as big hogs here as anywhere, and plenty of them, too.”

After she was thoroughly warmed, and had indulged in quite a little conversation, I talked to her about her soul. She seemed to be very much impressed by what I said, and knelt for us to pray for her, and before she arose from her knees, I have no reason to doubt that she gave her heart to the Lord.

My daughter gave her a cloak and a pair of warm gloves, which made her very comfortable,

and I wrote a note to a Mission in Boston, and gave her money to pay her car fare, and keep her over the Sabbath. She smiled very happily, and after thanking us many times for our kindness, she started down the street.

Thoughtful Daisy came in in a few moments, and said that when the poor woman passed her, she heard her say to herself :

“I’m so glad ! I’m so glad !”

I thought of the poor, friendless woman, with no one on earth to confide in, many times, and wondered where she was, and what she was doing, but did not hear from her for a number of months.

One day, at the close of a meeting in Boston, a lady came to me, and said :

“ Sister Carter, I have wanted to see you for a long time, and tell you about the woman that you sent to the Mission. I happened to be in the Mission when she came, so she handed the note to me. When I saw your signature, I took her to a good boarding-house, and paid her board, and on the following Wednesday I paid her expenses to the city in New Hampshire where she

was acquainted. I received a letter from her a few days ago, and she heartily thanked me for my kindness, and wished me to thank the lady in Newton for her again. She has a good situation, and is trusting God daily."

What comforting intelligence this was! How glad I felt that God had enabled me to say a word that had encouraged one of my heart-broken sisters, and thereby led her to the Saviour, the true friend of the friendless.

"Long her imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night :
God's eye diffused a quickening ray,
She woke, the dungeon flamed with light :
Her chains fell off ; her heart was free."

CHAPTER XXI.

OUR YOUNG LADIES' WORK.

ON the eighteenth of May, I and many others had the privilege of attending the first anniversary of the "Young Ladies' Association of Newton." The association is another direct outgrowth of the meetings that are held at Brother Earle's. My daughter Belle was President, and Ella was the superintendent of the visiting department, and Brother and Sister Earle's daughter Mabel was secretary, while their daughter Daisy was on the flower department. I will gather from the columns of the *Contributor* a brief account of their work, written for that paper by "Ruth Montgomery," editor of the "Housekeeper's Department":

A PROSPEROUS FLOWER, SICK AND SEWING MISSION.

The Good Will Mission, founded, and having

its centre of operations at the residence of James H. Earle, the publisher of the *Contributor*, in the suburbs of Boston, has, among its various wide-reaching branches of benevolent and Christian work, a Young Ladies' Association. Not long ago, they celebrated their anniversary at the home already referred to, and the occasion was thus described in the *Newton Journal*:

"A PLEASANT ANNIVERSARY."

"*Mr. Editor* :

"We were present at the anniversary exercises of the Young Ladies' Association of Newton, last Wednesday evening, and it was one of the most enjoyable evenings we have ever spent.

"A pyramid or bank of flowers rose at least six feet in the centre of the back parlor, the base completely hiding from view a fine-toned organ, and the music seemed to float through a fragrant mist of lilac and apple blossoms, while at the pinnacle and nearly reaching to the gas jets were long, slender sprays of flowering almonds.

"On each side of the organ were groups of beautiful girls, officers and members of the Association, dressed in white, with no ornaments but a cluster of exquisite buds and blossoms. They seemed themselves a part of the floral display, so fair, so pure, so full of grace and sweetness. Their songs were rendered in perfect harmony and the sentiment was strikingly well-chosen for the occasion. There was such an absence of self-conscious-

ness or of affectation that we were charmed with the singers as well as thrilled by the music.

"The general report of the secretary was a wonderful story of what can be accomplished by enthusiastic, consecrated young hearts and hands.

"The superintendent of the visiting department caused us to laugh and cry alternately at the quaint pictures and touching incidents.

"The superintendent of the flower department gave beautiful incidents of the work of their flower mission, especially the gifts of plants of rare fragrance to the blind.

"They have also a department for sewing, a new but very fitting one in the work of benevolence.

"The superintendent of this department gave incidents of weary mothers and needy ones whose burdens had been wonderfully lifted by the helping hands of the young ladies who went to these homes with needles and thimbles, or worked for an afternoon once a week, at some place previously appointed.

"They also hold weekly praise and prayer meetings at an almshouse in an adjoining town, and seem to be constantly provoking one another to good works."

"A VISITOR."

We would like to give the readers of the *Contributor* an introduction to these young ladies and to their work, as an encouragement to other young ladies to go and do likewise. We are able to do this because of personal acquaintance with

them ; and we are sure a knowledge of what the Lord has enabled them to do, must encourage, strengthen, and stimulate others.

Though they have accomplished such results, they are not young ladies of leisure ; one of them has only reached her twentieth summer, but she and her younger sister, the superintendent of one of the committees, know how to make home pleasant for their dear ones. Two others, residing at some distance, in the suburbs of the city, have practical acquaintance with all the daily round of duties in the farm-house. They harness and drive their own horses to the various posts of duty, one of these young ladies being superintendent of the sewing department, planning work as well as executing the same.

Another is engaged several hours, daily, at an office, sending and receiving electric dispatches, others of the number are yet in school, while anxious to do their best, and win promotion each term.

Another most cheerily lifts a multitude of cares for her mother in the interim of her studies.

The secretary reported that during the year these young ladies had learned :

“ When one is willing to work for the Master, opportunities are not wanting. We have not grown weary of our labor. Our enthusiasm is not less than when we began, but our desire is increasing that new doors of usefulness may open for us to enter.

“ We have made three hundred and sixty-four calls ; have been eyes to the blind, reading, singing, and taking fragrant flowers to brighten the darkness of those whose eyes were closed to the beauties around them, but whose senses were awake to the enjoyment of sweet-scented blossoms. For such, choice plants were selected, that the perfume of the lemon ver-bena and heliotrope might remain when the visitor departed.

“ A sick one has been watched through the long dark hours of the night, the needy assisted, the weary rested by these helping hands. One hundred and thirty-eight bouquets have given their silent messages of love in sick-rooms, homes of poverty, and public institutions. Ten plants remained to speak a longer time of the tender care of the Father who made them in all their beauty, and caused their perfume to breathe out upon the air.

“ Little children in the streets of the dusty city received beautiful flowers in their outstretched hands, and the floral offerings have been laid on a baby's casket.

“ Eighteen days' work of sewing lifted more than one weary mother out of the valley of discouragement, and made the burden of life seem light once more ; rides have been given, and delicacies prepared and carried to the sick.”

Then came a long list of articles of clothing,

food, and fruits given to the poor, and nearly fifty dollars expended for the needy.

Their meetings are held weekly, and always some special subject is chosen for prayer : the conversion of souls, healing of disease, or some other felt need ; and the best part of the report was the last item, that, during the year, they had in every instance received a direct answer to the prayer offered. Souls had been saved ; an insane girl recovered ; and, such confidence has a certain farmer that whatever they ask they will receive, that three times, in seasons of drouth, he has sent word to them to pray for rain, and each time, in a few hours, the plentiful showers have descended ; though, in the last instance, everything indicated continued drouth, even the barometer being perfectly clear, yet it rained steadily and gently for several days.

The superintendent of the visiting department reported that it took heavenly wisdom to know how to make calls successfully on the neglected class, but God gave it to those who feared him, and sought for wisdom as directed in James i : 5.

When she first started out her heart beat faster and faster, until she shook from head to foot, but the trembling was stilled by the word of the Lord : "Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God ; I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." The first door at which they knocked was opened by a girl both blind and crippled. She received them gladly, and they found her happy and contented, despite unpleasant surroundings.

The visitor thought, "If this blind girl can know Paul's experience—'I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content,'—surely I too may gain that lesson." This visit was followed by many others, and songs and flowers gave new joys to the blind girl, and the visitor rejoiced that she had not been discouraged by her beating heart and trembling frame, and thus lost such blessing to her own soul.

Visiting one whom she had heard was sick, she found the sick one leaning on a fence, talking with a woman in the adjoining yard, and waited

several minutes for her to come to the house; but waiting in vain, she finally called to her, as she could not very easily go to her over the rubbish and high grass. She said :

“ I heard you were sick.”

She turned her back to her visitor, as she replied :

“ Yes'm, I was.”

She waited a while, and queried with her companion if they should call themselves vanquished, and retreat, or stand their ground. They prayed silently for guidance and help, and as they stood, a woman opened a door to the house opposite, and called to the girl standing on the other side of the fence :

“ Mary, I should think you'd come in the house, and let her go and see what them ladies want.”

Mary left, and the obstinate woman turned homewards. Her visitors followed, uninvited, but received simply “ Yes'm,” and “ No'm,” to their remarks, till they read a chapter in the Bible, and prayed, and then tears filled the woman's eyes, and, entirely subdued, she was

as kind and cordial as possible when they departed.

Just before Christmas many hearts were made glad by these young visitors. At one home six children eagerly watched every movement made by some of the young ladies, who brought several mysterious bundles, and one distinctly whispered :

“Tom, I bet she’s got suthin’ for our Christmas.”

The mother was much annoyed, and, to save her further embarrassment, the visitor asked to see the mother alone. They went into the bedroom, and the mother wept for joy at the kindness and thoughtfulness of these young friends as they displayed the contents of their parcels. As they turned away, and walked down the icy street in a pouring rain, they seemed to hear : “Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.”

They desired much to do something for the inmates of the almshouse. Their first call was received kindly, but when they went again, they were told they could not have a service unless by

the consent of the selectmen. There were eight young ladies. Five went in a carriage to visit the selectmen; three returned in the horse-cars to their several homes. It was an interesting story of persistence under difficulty and discouragement that would have effectually hindered any who cared for their own ease and pleasure more than the cause of Christ. But these dear girls left their cool and pleasant homes, and travelled hot and dusty roads, looking to God to bless their efforts, and were at last rewarded with full consent and hearty approval of those in authority, and now have a weekly service of prayer and praise at the almshouse.

The superintendent of the sewing department offered assistance to the mother of a large family, which was gladly accepted.

On the appointed day they met, and found the work cut and basted, and at the close of the hour the mother said :

“I have nothing to offer you but thanks. You have done more than I could have done in a month.”

They made garments that have been worn

since by missionaries in Africa, and there was much work done for the Master by these followers of Dorcas.

The report of the Flower Mission was of as much interest and profit, and given as much prominence, as any part of the work.

Two of these young ladies were out one June evening, when dirty, ragged, neglected-looking children came toward them with beautiful branches of syringa. Timidly they asked the superintendent of the Flower Mission if she would like them. She exclaimed, "How beautiful!" and stooped to brush back their untidy hair, and told them she had asked Jesus to send her some flowers for a poor blind girl, and they must be happy to know "God used them to answer her prayer."

She then passed on, resuming conversation with her friend. They walked farther than she intended, and, turning back, she saw in the distance two children running swiftly towards her. As they drew nearer, she saw they were the same little ones who brought the flowers, and now had a still larger supply. The young lady

received the flowers, and then spoke to them of Jesus, and was soon after embarrassed to find two carriages had stopped by the roadside, and the inmates were listening to the conversation. To avoid notice, she invited her audience to walk on with her, and she dropped the good seed of the Word into the little open hearts, sending up a prayer into the listening ear of the Great King, that it may bear fruit in beautiful manhood and womanhood in years to come.

Thus they are "sowing beside all waters," and the Lord of the harvest will see that in the reaping time there are gathered many sheaves of golden grain.

I will close this brief sketch of the wide-reaching and beautiful work of the Association with one of the many happy souvenirs that so often find their way into the path of the consecrated worker, whether young or old. Daisy Earle had, one day, in her ministry of love, left a bouquet at the home of a blind man, who was loved and honored far and wide for his character and influence. The pleasure of the receiver found expression in the following lines :

TO DAISY.

BY H. D. BASSETT.

The perfume that arises
From acts of kindness shown,
Would give most glad surprises,
If but the truth were known.

One day, a little maiden
Came tripping to my door,
Her hand was lightly laden
With the sweet bouquet she bore.

The blind man asked her to confide,
"Who is this little girl?"
To which the maiden quick replied,
"My name is Daisy Earle."

"My mamma said, you might enjoy
The fragrance of the flowers,"
So said the pretty maiden coy,
And left them to be ours.

God bless the mamma for her thought,
God bless sweet Daisy Earle!
God bless all kindnesses thus wrought
Amid life's busy whirl!

NEWTON, MASS.

CHAPTER XXII.

DOUGLAS.

ONE day I took the horse-car for Boston, and, after I had gone some distance, discovered that I had left my porte-monnaie at home. When the conductor came for my fare, I told him that I had forgotten my money, and asked him if he would trust me. He said :

“Certainly ; you can hand it to me when you are on my car again.”

I thanked him, and he went on.

After I had passed Mount Auburn, the thought occurred to me that it would be just as necessary for me to have money to pay my fare home from Boston as it would be to go there. I flew to my refuge, and said :

“Dear Heavenly Father, wilt thou work out my deliverance so that thou alone wilt get all of the glory ? ”

In an instant this passage of Scripture came to my mind : “Stand still, and see the salvation of God.”

In about five minutes the conductor, an entire stranger, came to me, and holding out a handful of silver money, said : “Lady, take what money you will need in Boston to-day.”

“Oh, thank you,” said I, at the same time taking what I needed. “But you do not know me. Would you like my name?”

“O, no ;” he replied ; “you can hand it to me sometime when you are on my car.”

What an unexpected source my deliverance came from ! Surely no one but God could get the glory. I felt like singing :

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

The Lord wonderfully opened the way for myself and family to attend the Douglas Holiness Camp-meeting, which commenced the twenty-eighth of July, and lasted ten days.

As soon as we stepped into the beautiful pine grove we exclaimed, "How delightful!" We were often hushed to sleep in the late hours of the night by the sweet music of the rippling brook that flows steadily, from year to year, through the encampment.

Many who called on Sister Lizzie Smith, were taught valuable lessons of patience and contentment. Her many callers were always greeted with a smile, and one might suppose that she had only lain down to rest for a few moments, if they had not been previously informed that her tired and aching body had lain on one side for over fifty-one years. She was entirely helpless, with the exception of the aid that she could render herself by the use of two fingers. Never for a moment did she refer to her sufferings unless asked a direct question about them.

When the services were at the stand, her little bed, about the size of a child's crib, and that is on wheels, was drawn down near the front, and as the hundreds of frivolous, worldly young men and women stopped and looked at the crip-

pled little form, it spoke its silent message, and many turned away in tears.

Surely this dear sister, who lives at Willimantic, Conn., and trusts God for all that she has, is "made perfect in affliction," and is a living witness of Christ's power to save.

Among the many glorious features of the meetings was the baptismal service that took place the last Sunday morning of the meetings. Among the number were five members of our Young Ladies' Association, who were baptized by Dr. Levy, two of them being my daughters. As I saw them walk down into the water, with faces all aglow with the presence of God, it carried my mind back to the time when their mother was doing likewise, and when they were laid back under the water, I shouted aloud for joy. Brother and Sister Earle's joy was not any less than mine as they saw their two eldest daughters take the step which signified that they were dead to the world, and alive unto Christ. May the Lord help our four girls always to be even more united to him than they are to each other; and as they are just blooming into womanhood, to set

such examples before the world that will lead many a wanderer home to Father's house.

On the following Monday morning we bade farewell to the many whom we had learned to love during our stay. We were being whirled nearer and nearer toward our quiet homes, praising God for the wonderful display of his power in our midst.

It was very pleasant to meet the dear members of our Mission, who welcomed us with outstretched arms, and hear them testify to the keeping power of God, although they were unable to be at Douglas.

The mission meetings are still in progress at Brother Earle's. Our last young people's meeting at the time of writing this, — a meeting for all young people under eighty years of age, — was one of great power. Eight went forward for prayers, four for pardon, and four for holiness. God's approving smile rests on our work, and we are willing to bear all the fiery darts of Satan, for Christ is our shield and hiding-place, therefore whom need we fear?

Some time since, a gentleman who attends our

meetings, and who is a conductor on one of the Newton and Watertown horse-cars, was put under such conviction for Sabbath work that finally he decided to leave his situation if the superintendent of that line would not give him his Sundays. The next day after his decision was made, he went to the superintendent, and frankly told him of his decision. His request was granted, and he still holds his position on the road. This result is most gratifying to all who are interested in the Lord's cause.

I will here insert an article clipped from one of the Boston papers :

“The Good-Will Mission, having its headquarters in Newton, Mass., has, for one of its lines of work, that of placing in the various lines of horse-cars centering in Boston, large cards, having on them, in good-sized type, a passage of Scripture. They have the cards now permanently in several routes of horse-cars, and have ordered them put into the remaining lines as soon as vacant space can be had, and the results are excellent and far-reaching.”

One soul thus saved would pay for a lifetime

service, and this is only one of the hundreds who have found pardon or purity during the last three years' service at the delightful residence of our dear brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Earle.

Brother Earle's labors through the columns of his widely-circulated paper, the *Contributor*, and his large list of publications, have made his name a household word in many lands; while Sister Earle, through the books she has written, and her work at the head of one of the State Departments of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, wields a power for good that an angel might covet.

With gladness they have laid themselves, their beautiful home, and their opportunities for good at the Master's disposal. Through all these years in Newton, their home has been a sunny place in my life. My cares and needs have been their care. We have together carried to the Throne of grace the unnumbered requests that have been presented for prayer, and have rejoiced in the triumphs of redeeming love.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE, my dear reader, by asking God to guide my pen, tried to present to you my life of prosperity, adversity, and lessons of trust. My object in doing this is to try to lead the lost sheep into the fold, stimulate the weak, and encourage the strong. Since I have found the Lord to be to me even more than I could think or ask, I may safely recommend his watchful keeping to all who will accept him. Ah! in hours of grief and physical weakness, what comfort could I have found except in my dear Heavenly Father? He has gently and lovingly led me all the way, and I can say, with the poet :

“ I’ve reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

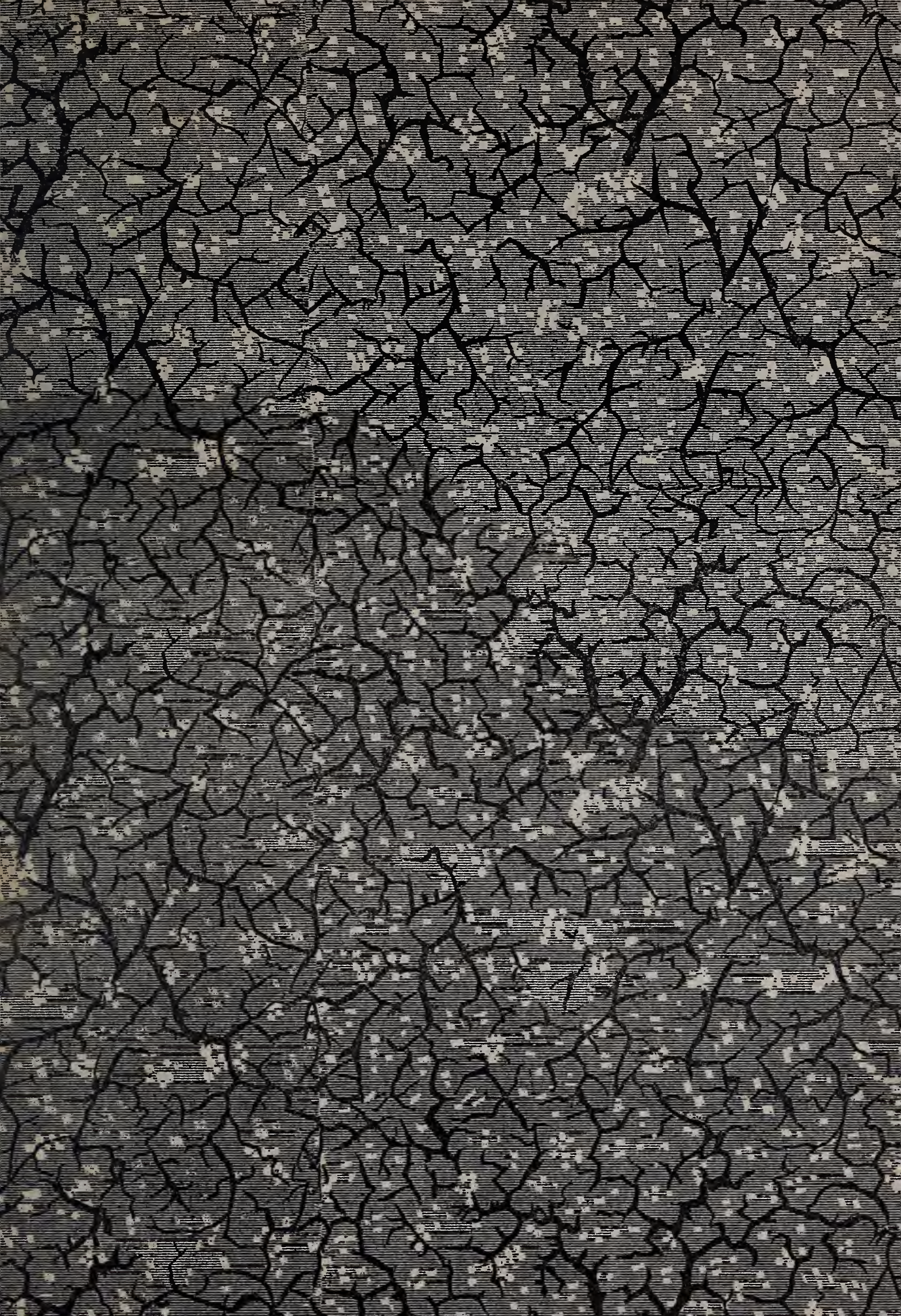
"My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

"A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever-vernal trees;
And flowers that never fading grow,
Where streams of life forever flow.

"The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with their white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

"O, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land!
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me;
And view the shining glory-shore,
My heaven, my home forever more."





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